VOL. 47 NO. 6 Lesson Previews JUNE 1960

Where Summer Goes

Alice Morrey Bailey

If you should knock and I'm not there,
When roses end their bloom,
When sun-heat shimmers on the air
And branches weave their loom —

Go seek me at the river's edge,
Or at a boat's white sail,
Or on a sun-warmed, lichened ledge
Beyond a sage-bound trail.

Perhaps I'll be among the pines
Toward the mountain's crest,
Knee-deep in ferns and columbines,
I may be East or West.

I may be with the mocking bird,
The eucalyptus tree,
Where ocean's voices can be heard.
Where summer goes, find me.

The Cover: Blossoms in Liberty Park, Salt Lake City, Utah
Color Transparency by Claire Noall

Frontispiece: Eucalyptus Trees at San Diego, California
Photograph by Ward Linton

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

Cover Lithographed in Full Color by Deseret News Press

From Near and Far

I just picked up the beautiful March issue of the *Magazine*. My husband and I both enjoy each issue and look forward to reading them together. I often read portions aloud for our Family Hour. The story "A Place for Everything" in the March issue seemed to point the finger right at me, and since reading it I have been trying to take time out to play with and enjoy our little boy. Many times I have said I wish every mother in the Church would subscribe to and enjoy this very special and inspiring *Magazine* every month.

—Mrs. Millie Martindale
Bossier City, Louisiana

I am a new missionary of ten days in the Kearney Branch. The first Sunday here I was put in President of the Relief Society. I attended last Tuesday. Three dear sisters met at a home, each with a *Magazine*, giving the lesson and carrying on even though few in number. It was a humble and spiritual feast when each sister gave her testimony. Thank you for the *Magazine*. This branch is small and scattered.

—Estella D. Jones
Kearney, Nebraska

My fifteen-year-old daughter has discovered the *Magazine* at our house the last year or so, and she really could hardly wait for the next issue to come while she was reading "The New Day" by Hazel K. Todd (October 1959 to April 1960).

—Margaret H. Matthews
Boise, Idaho

I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine* very much. I can hardly wait for it to come each month. On the morning it arrives I hurry through my busy morning schedule, and as soon as lunch is over, put my children down for their naps, and then I sit down to an enjoyable afternoon with my *Relief Society Magazine*.

—Mrs. Barbara De La Mare
La Miranda, California

It is a pleasure to read each issue of the *Magazine*, and I was happy to see the picture of a true friend, Dorothy Clapp Robinson, in the March issue, and to read her prize story "The Fishbite Story." Recently, at Saint Maries, Idaho, while staying with my orphaned grandsons, I attended Relief Society. . . . This rather new branch of the Church is growing quite rapidly. Saint Maries is a pretty place among evergreen trees on the hillside near a lake where the Saint Joe River comes into the lake.

—Eliza W. Buckland
Idaho Falls, Idaho

I always enjoyed my mother's *Relief Society Magazine* at home, but never had my own until last year. We had just recently moved to this community, and one of the sisters gave me a year's subscription to the *Magazine* as a gift. I shall always remember her friendliness and kindness, especially since my own family lives some distance away. I have looked forward each month to receiving the next issue of the *Magazine*. I enjoy all of it, and usually read it from cover to cover. The front covers and frontispieces are always beautiful.

—Mrs. Anne W. McCausland
Salina, Utah

We here in the Southern Hemisphere greatly appreciate and value very highly our fine *Magazine*. All the lessons are well set out and contain matter of essential value. Most of us acknowledge that the theology lessons are the highest if we have to make a choice. For the beginner (like myself) the lessons are the groundwork of our daily living. I would like to pay a personal tribute if I may to Sister Ethel Wheeler of Fairview, Utah, through whose persuasion I joined the Relief Society here. She has also been the donor to me of *The Relief Society Magazine* for the last three years. I am truly grateful to her.

—Sarah E. Smith
Christchurch
New Zealand

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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VOL. 47 JUNE 1960 NO. 6

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

Emma Ray Riggs McKay ..... Emma Rae McKay Ashton 348
Annual Report for 1959 ..... Hulda Parker 380

FICTION

Needed by Someone ..... Helen H. Trutton 359
You'll Always Be Rich ..... Betty Lou Martin 369
Orchids in the Snow—Chapter 2 ..... Rosa Lee Lloyd 374
Fiddlers Three ..... Lula Walker 395

GENERAL FEATURES

From Near and Far 346
Sixty Years Ago 364
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 365
Editorial: The 130th Annual Church Conference ..... Vesta P. Crawford 366
Notes to the Field: Program for the November Fast Sunday Evening Meeting 368
Hymn of the Month—Semi-Annual List 368
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities ..... Hulda Parker 404
Birthday Congratulations 424

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

For a Flower ..... Leone H. Simms 372
Menus for Special Dinners ..... Ruby K. Smith 390
Mary Sorenson Johnson Finds Enough Hobbies to Make Her Happy 401
My Mother and Her Hemstitching Machine ..... Fay McCurdy Bailey 402

LESSON DEPARTMENT—PREVIEWS FOR 1960-61

Theology — The Doctrine and Covenants ..... Roy W. Doxey 411
Visiting Teacher Messages — Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants ..... Christine H. Robinson 413
Work Meeting—Caring for the Sick in the Home ..... Maria Johnson 414
Literature — America's Literature Comes of Age ..... Briant S. Jacobs 416
Social Science—Spiritual Living in the Nuclear Age ..... Blaine M. Porter 418
Notes on the Authors of the Lessons 420

POETRY

Where Summer Goes — Frontispiece ..... Alice Morrey Bailey 346
Swallows ..... Dorothy J. Roberts 358
Sound in Summer ..... Renie H. Littlewood 373
Summer Night ..... Maxine R. Jennings 399
Prayer ..... Grace Ingles Frost 379
Forecast ..... Evalyn M. Sandberg 401
Smoke-Warm Grasses ..... Eva Willes Wangsgaard 403
Vista ..... Linnie F. Robinson 403
Give Me the Mesa ..... Maude Rubin 410
Small Gypsy ..... Ethel Jacobson 422
Mountain Cabin ..... Marian Woodbury Gold 422
Anticipation ..... Zara Sabin 423
Her Load Is Shared ..... Ida Elaine James 423
Candle of Life ..... Catherine B. Bowles 423
Apple Orchard ..... Christie Lund Coles 424

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Emma Ray Riggs McKay

Emma Rae McKay Ashton

[The members of Relief Society throughout the world love and do honor to Sister McKay on her eighty-third birthday, June 23, 1960.]

"MOTHER, why don't you ask one of us to run to the basement for you?" plead six willing children, eager to save her steps and to wait on her.

"I never ask anyone to do anything for me that I can do for myself," has been her reply through the years.

This complete unselfishness is the keynote to Mother's happy life. "Won't you take the easy chair?" or "Let me help you," or "You may have my share," are familiar phrases we associate with Mother. In her daily routines she has manifested her selflessness. Every morning she has risen between five and six o'clock to prepare a nourishing breakfast for her busy husband and children; every day with no word of complaint she has kept warm the midday meal even though it might be served any time from twelve-thirty to two, depending upon Father's appointments; every evening, if Father was detained, she would feed her family but wait for his return before eating herself. "I know it isn't pleasant for Daddy to eat alone," she would remark.

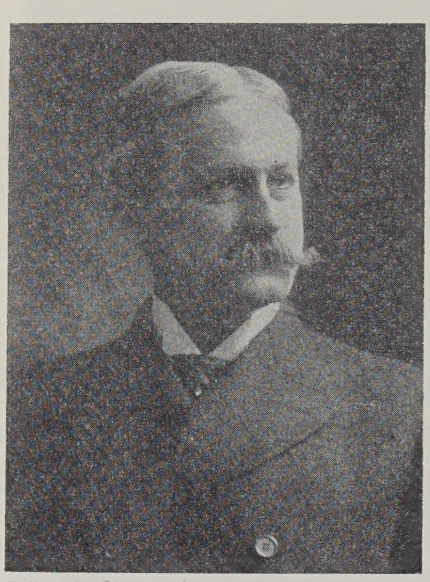
She is not only patient, loving, and understanding, but also beautiful in form and feature. One person remarked that she was the most beautiful bride she had ever seen. In her appearance and in her housekeeping she is always neat, and though soft-spoken, she is cheerful with a sparkling sense of humor.

Her beauty is also from within, from pure thoughts and high ideals. Emma Lucy Gates Bowen wrote these words which, I believe, apply to Mother: "A beautiful, modest, gracious woman is creation's masterpiece. When to these virtues a woman possesses as guiding stars in her life, righteousness and godliness and an irresistible impulse and desire to make others happy, no one will question if she is classed among those who are the truly great."

This sweet, thoughtful little lady, by being the wife of our revered President, followed the pattern set down for her by studious and religious ancestors. In his book, *Genealogy of the Riggs Family*, John H. Wallace, the author, writes: "A prominent characteristic of the Riggs family, through successive generations, has been the large percentage of its members who were highly educated and effective ministers. Many of them have held positions of the highest trust and so many of the daughters of the family married Presbyterian ministers, and in due time became the mothers of Presbyterian ministers themselves. The value and stability of a family or tribe depend largely upon the intelligence and character of its women, and just so long as it is blessed with educated and dutiful daughters growing into conscientious and steadfast mothers, it

J. M. Heslop

SISTER McKAY ARRANGING FLOWERS IN HER HOME



Bellsmith, Cincinnati

OBADIAH H. RIGGS, FATHER OF EMMA RAY RIGGS McKAY

will live and continue to exert a wide and beneficent influence."

Mother's father, Dr. Obadiah H. Riggs, was born near Library, Pennsylvania. He joined the Church and was successfully engaged in teaching in the East until the spring of 1864, when he settled in Salt Lake City. He then resumed his profession and, in 1874, was appointed Territorial Superintendent of Schools. Later he returned to the East to study medicine.

Mother's maternal grandfather, John Robbins, born in New Jersey during Joseph Smith's time, was an adventurous pioneer. With his wife Phoebe and three young sons, he joined Captain Samuel Brannon's party on the ship *Brooklyn*, thinking it wiser to travel by boat to Upper California rather than risk the perilous journey across the great plains and mountainous regions. Sailing around Cape Horn to San Francisco, the voyage took six months, and the passengers toward the end of the journey lived on rice and molasses three times a day. Two of their young children died on the Atlantic, and a baby daughter was born on the Pacific. They blessed her Georgiana Pacific Robbins. Another daughter, Emma Louise, was born in San Francisco. Later the Robbins family moved to Salt Lake City.

OBADIAH H. Riggs married the charming, vivacious Emma Louise Robbins, an accomplished pianist and singer who also taught voice and piano. The fifth child and only daughter born to this happy couple was Emma Ray. Through the years Mother has often related this amusing anecdote concerning her name. When she was back at

Fox and Symons

EMMA LOUISE ROBBINS RIGGS
MOTHER OF
EMMA RAY RIGGS McKAY

Cincinnati studying music, her professor asked her name.

"Ray Riggs. Ray is spelled with a 'Y.'"

"No," argued the teacher, "you spell it with an 'E' because it is a girl's name."

"But," retorted Mother, "I am the only girl born in a family of five boys, and I was named after a ray of sunshine."

"You are perfectly right," agreed the instructor, "you do spell your name with a 'Y.'"

"We had such good times together in our family," Mother has always said. "My older brothers could sing from memory all of the popular songs from the current operettas. We sang together by the hour. My mother was always jolly, with naturally red lips and flashing brown eyes. Everyone loved her."

I thought, that is the reason for Mother's sparkle and her gay personality and why everyone loves to be with her, too. Having studied piano with her mother and at the Cincinnati Conservatory, naturally music has been an enjoyable hobby of hers. She has often accompanied our family when we have sung together. Another hobby of Mother's is the reading of good literature. "I was never lonely as a girl," she mused, "for I always had the companionship of good books." Indeed, in her girlhood, she was an avid reader of Dickens, Scott, Shakespeare, and other noted authors.

She first met Father when he, with his brother Thomas E. and his two sisters, Jeannette and Ann, rented an apartment from her mother. These young University of Utah students became acquainted and saw each other occasionally on the campus. At the conclusion of the school year, Mother was invited by the girls to spend a few days at the McKay home in Huntsville. On this visit Father invited her to accompany him to his missionary farewell party. This was their first date. Through correspondence, however, while he was on his mission, their love blossomed. She continued her schooling while he was away, and at the end of four years, with a class of only six members, Mother was graduated from the University of Utah with a B. A. degree. The next fall she received an offer to teach at the Madison Elementary School in Ogden. When Father returned from his mission, following several months of courtship, they were married

C. R. Savage

EMMA RAY RIGGS
AT THE AGE OF TWELVE

January 2, 1901, the first couple to be married in the Salt Lake Temple at the turn of the century. They settled down in Ogden where he was principal of the Weber Stake Academy.

FIVE years after their marriage Father was ordained an apostle. Since conference visits, made by wagon in those days, took him away two or three weeks at a time, much of the responsibility of rearing the family fell to Mother. It was up to her to turn the chairs around at the table for family prayers, and to take time to listen to her little ones with their individual prayers each night and morning. She had much of the responsibility of keeping the standards high and maintaining the spiritual and cultural level of the home. She taught her children to respect the rights of others. She saw to it that the boys attended their quorum meetings, that all of us went to Sunday School and sacrament meeting. Tithing was paid

Courtesy Emma Ray Riggs McKay

EMMA RAY RIGGS WITH THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH GRADUATING CLASS
1898

Seated, left to right: Ralph Varey Chamberlin; Mary Elizabeth Connelly (Kimball); J. Reuben Clark, Jr.
Standing, left to right: Emma Ray Riggs (McKay); Herbert Thayer Hills; Albert Johannsen.

The Thomas Studio

DAVID O. McKAY AND EMMA RAY RIGGS McKAY WITH THEIR ELDEST SON, DAVID LAWRENCE McKAY, AGE TWO

and the Word of Wisdom was kept. In addition to this, Mother was president of the ward Relief Society. Determined to make a success of this position, she bundled her baby, and pushing him in his carriage, made personal visits to the ward sisters inviting them to attend the Relief Society meetings. Her diligence was rewarded. The membership increased from twelve sisters to ninety! Later, she was asked to be a counselor in the stake Relief Society presidency.

In 1920, when Father and Brother Hugh J. Cannon made their world mission tour, Mother had the full responsibility, for one year, of the home and their six children, Bob the baby being only three months old. At one time during Father's absence, Mother needed a goodly sum of money to pay some obligations. She exhausted all her resources without being able to raise the money. Finally, the night before the money was due, with tears rolling down her cheeks, she knelt by her bed and prayed with all her heart that Heavenly Father would show her a way to obtain this needed sum.

The next morning there was a knock at the door. The visitor was Brother John Hall, a member of her stake presidency. He had never before paid a social call so Mother was somewhat surprised to see him when she opened the door. His first words were, "Sister McKay, do you

The Salt Lake Tribune

PRESIDENT DAVID O. McKAY, HIS WIFE EMMA RAY RIGGS McKAY, AND THEIR FAMILY

Photograph taken January 2, 1951

Front row, left to right: Francis Ellen Anderson McKay; Robert R. McKay; Sister Emma Ray Riggs McKay; President David O. McKay; Lou Jean McKay Blood; Dr. Llewelyn R. McKay; Alice Smith McKay.

Back row, left to right: Conway A. Ashton; Emma Rae McKay Ashton; Dr. Edward R. McKay; Lottie Lund McKay; David Lawrence McKay; Mildred Calderwood McKay.

One son-in-law, Dr. Russell H. Blood, a Commander in the United States Navy, was absent from the group, as he was serving with the United Nations forces in Korea when this photograph was taken.

need me? When I was down at the corner, something told me to turn up this way."

"I should say that I do. Won't you come in and sit down?" She then related her problem and the ways she had tried to solve it. He promptly produced his checkbook from his pocket and wrote her the needed amount.

"But, Brother Hall, I have no collateral, and I don't know when I can repay you."

"Never mind, David O. will see to it when he returns."

IN the year 1922, Father had been home only a few months from his world mission when he was called to take his family and for two years preside over the European Mission. Mother was set apart as the head of all of the auxiliaries in Europe. Her work in this capacity, her responsibility as mission mother to the 500 missionaries, and her managing of the mission home in Liverpool were creditable activities carried out with much diligence, love, and kindness.

Upon their return from this as-

The Salt Lake Tribune

PRESIDENT AND SISTER McKAY CUTTING THEIR FIFTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY CAKE, January 1951

MRS. EMMA RAY RIGGS McKAY RECEIVING THE HONORARY DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF HUMANITIES AT THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES UTAH STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE (UTAH STATE UNIVERSITY)
May 29, 1954
Cited as an "Exemplar of the highest qualities of American Womanhood"

Courtesy Emma Ray Riggs McKay

PRESIDENT AND SISTER McKAY IN GREENOCK, SCOTLAND
August 1955

signment, the family moved to Salt Lake City, where Mother was active for a number of years in the Salt Lake Stake Relief Society presidency until an operation terminated this call. In later years, when their children were grown, she became Father's constant traveling companion and won a place in the hearts of the people with her graciousness.

It was fitting that these lifetime sweethearts should be honored on their golden wedding anniversary in January 1951. This loyal love of theirs radiates warmth and inspiration not only to Church members but to the people of the world as they have personally greeted this charming couple. The Europeans who welcomed them in 1952 delighted in honoring Mother in Finland on her seventy-fifth birthday. Latter-day Saints everywhere were thrilled with the selection of temple sites in Berne, Switzerland, New Chapel, England, and in New Zealand. You know the great historic trips President and Sister McKay have made to South America and South Africa.

The year 1954 was a memorable one for Mother. She not only flew to the South Sea Islands, Australia, and New Zealand, but also she was chosen Utah's Mother of the Year and was presented a Doctorate of

Humanities by the Utah State Agricultural College (Utah State University).

Truly Mother's life is happy and successful because of her service and inspiration to others. As Father has often said, "Mother's constant aim in life is to make home the most pleasant place in the world. She accomplishes this with tenderness, watchful care, and loving patience." May her sweet influence be felt for many more years is our constant prayer.

Swallows

Dorothy J. Roberts

Weave forever that sweet summer
Once you wove into my dream
With your silent bars of music
On wire staves above the stream.

Swallows resting — gay notes patterned
On the rippled rose of sky —
Fabricate this healing vision
On some child's enchanted eye.

Fold the wings of time forever,
Seal the peace of youth and bird
In the memory of this silence,
In this music never heard.

Bound by years and winter-burdened,
Let him stand, a child, and stare,
In the innocence of morning
In the coral hush of air.

Needed by Someone

Helen H. Trutton

IT was starting to rain when Agnes backed the car out of the garage and looked at the house.

I haven't been this lonely since Rod's death over twenty years ago, she thought as she drove away. At least then I felt needed, with three young girls to care for.

It's not that I'm unhappy, either, she told herself emphatically as the memory of Marla's radiant face flashed before her. Guess I'm just tired from the round of activities before her marriage in the temple, and preparations for the reception were most exhaustive.

Marla, her youngest, was the last to leave home, and was now living in the East. Last year it had been Paula, living presently in Denver. Then two years ago Christine had married and, fortunately, she lived only about a hundred miles from Carsonville in Midville.

Agnes felt very grateful that her daughters had found such marital happiness. Certainly she wouldn't want it any other way, but still, one thought kept gnawing at her, especially since Marla's marriage. What does a mother do when her family no longer needs her? Not one single person really depends on her any more.

Of course she had her writing, her livelihood since Rod's passing. Lucky she had been successful in that, for it had meant she could do her work at home and be with the girls while they were growing up.

She glanced down momentarily at her latest book entitled *The Little Lady* lying on the seat beside her. She'd brought it along to study in her spare moments in hopes of making her next book better.

Agnes mustered a faint smile, displaying two dimples on her well-sculptured mature face as she passed a neighbor's house, and with an instinctive gesture, ran the fingers of her right hand quickly through her short, well-groomed gray hair.

She hadn't called Christine to tell her she was coming to the writer's conference at Bill City, fifteen miles this side of Midville. Later, she would call her and, if Christine wasn't too busy, maybe they could have lunch together, at least.

I shouldn't be taking this trip, Agnes reminded herself, with an unfinished manuscript waiting for me that's really been neglected these past few weeks. But it isn't every day an author gets an appointment with her publisher, especially Mr. Adams, one of the top men in his field.

The rain began lashing down in torrents now, so characteristic of early spring, particularly through the mountainous region, making visibility from any distance difficult. Fortunately, Agnes was forced to drive slowly or she might not have noticed the makeshift sign along the side of the road. Agnes stopped the car and read aloud, "Wanted Mother Nurse. Ask in house."

Back about four hundred yards from the road stood a rather old log cabin that looked deserted except for a thin spiral of smoke

puffing from the chimney. Agnes' first impulse was that a prankster had posted the sign, but something almost urgent in the childish scribble made her decide to investigate. A few minutes wouldn't make any difference in her plans.

AS the car came to a stop in front of the cabin, a young girl around eight or nine darted out the door calling excitedly, "You saw my sign?"

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

"Mommy's terribly sick," and the girl began to cry.

"Oh, I'm very sorry. I'll help all I can," Agnes reassured her, as she quickly climbed out of the car and followed the youngster into the house.

"Mommy's in there." The child indicated the bedroom. "Daddy's with her."

Agnes knocked gently and waited a moment before opening the door. A young man, sitting at the side of the bed, looked up bewildered as she entered.

"I understand you need help," Agnes said kindly.

The man didn't answer immediately, but stared at her, and then bending over the still form of his wife, his voice broke as he whispered, "Our prayers have been answered, Lydia darling. Someone has come."

"Do you know what is wrong with her?" Agnes asked, while taking off her coat. "I'm not a nurse."

He turned away from the bed, and she saw how tired and scared he looked as he spoke. "I'm afraid it's pneumonia."

"Then she should be in a hospital. Carsonville is the nearest, and that's about thirty miles from here. You should have taken her hours ago."

"I know," he said, "but our car is broken down." He walked about and looked down anxiously at his wife. "When she got worse last night, I tried to stop the few cars going along the highway, but I guess they thought I was a fugitive or something. None of them would stop."

Agnes bent over Lydia. "You'll be all right. I have a car."

The woman rallied a little and opened her eyes. "I can't leave my baby. He's been sick, too."

"Davey's fine now," the man assured her. "He's all smiles and eating well again."

Agnes placed her hand on the hot forehead of the ill woman. "I know you don't know me. I'm Agnes Bigelow. I live in Carsonville. I'll stay here and care for the children while your husband takes my car and drives you to the hospital."

The young woman's eyes brightened. "You're very kind. I think you must be an angel."

Agnes smiled. "Here, let me wrap you up well," and she carefully tucked the blanket around her, then stood back while the man gently gathered his wife up in his arms. "I'll be back as soon as I can," he called over his shoulder. "Our name's Freeman. God bless you, Mrs. Bigelow."

At the door, he turned. "Are you in a hurry to get to your destination?"

"Not until tomorrow. I do have a rather important meeting then, at one o'clock."

He looked relieved. "I'll have your car back by that time."

AFTER they drove away, Agnes turned her attention to the baby in the crib. "Hello," she smiled down at him. "You're a fine looking one."

"My name's Caroline," a low, timid voice spoke behind her. "Is my Mommy going to get well?"

Agnes slipped her arms around the trembling little girl. "I'm sure your mother will be well soon. Did you put that sign out there?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"That was good thinking."

"Thank you. Now if you like, I'll show you your room," and she led the way to a bedroom. "This is my room, but I'll sleep on the davenport."

"Thank you, Caroline, for letting me use your room. I won't unpack just yet."

The baby began to fuss, and Agnes hurried to his side. "Do you know his feeding schedule, dear?"

Caroline glanced at the clock hanging on the wall. "It's time in ten minutes. Daddy fixed his formula this morning."

"Good. I think I'll straighten up things before lunch."

"I can help," the youngster volunteered, as she joined Agnes in picking up articles and arranging chairs in the rather crowded, small room. "Only maybe I should heat Davey's bottle first."

Agnes smiled at the girl's eagerness to help, just the way Christine used to pitch in when Paula was a baby, she remembered.

Caroline finished heating the milk and, after carefully testing it for the proper temperature, took the bottle in to Davey. When she returned, she stood idly watching Agnes move about the room.

"Is everything all right, dear?"

"Yes. I was just thinking," and she ducked her head self-consciously, "Daddy was going to make cookies today, if Mommy was better."

This is really like old times, Agnes thought happily. "Why don't I make them? I have a recipe my girls were fond of when they were growing up."

"Would you really Mrs. — Mrs.?"

"Bigelow. Of course I will. As I remember, these special cookies were best made in shapes of elves, fairies, and. . . ."

Caroline quickly suggested, "Could I help?"

Agnes laughed. "By all means, I'm counting on it."

A child's creative instinct, when confronted with rolled-out cookie dough, doesn't belong to any particular generation, Agnes soon decided, as she watched Caroline gleefully cut patterns of every imaginable form. Christine, Paula, and Marla had enjoyed that part of cookie making, too.

IT was late afternoon before all the work was finished, and Davey fed again and asleep. Then Agnes found time to sit down to rest.

Caroline edged into a chair close by and asked, "Do you know any stories?"

"Well, I have a book with my things you might enjoy. I write stories for youngsters."

"May I get it?" the girl asked enthusiastically.

"If you like."

When she returned with the book, she sat down and began to leaf through its contents. "My Daddy draws like that," Caroline

said, pointing to an illustration.

"Really?"

The youngster jumped up and went to the back bedroom and gathered an armful of drawings. "See," she said, returning to the room.

Agnes looked them over carefully. "These are good. Does he draw, that is, does he sell them?"

"Not too many yet, but Daddy says it takes time to get established," she answered sadly. "He will, though."

"They're better than good," she told the girl. "You know I need someone to illustrate the book I'm working on. I'll talk to your Daddy."

By eight o'clock Agnes was tired, and apparently Mr. Freeman wasn't returning before morning. "I think we should go to bed, don't you?" she asked.

"Maybe Mommy is worse," Caroline answered, tears coming quickly in her eyes.

"Try not to worry, dear, and remember her in your prayers tonight."

"Oh, I will," she cried, "and you, too." Then she got up and walked into another room and gathered some bedding and piled it on the davenport. "I was just wondering," she finally spoke, "if I could call you *Grandma*?"

Agnes couldn't trust herself to speak for a moment as she helped the girl make her bed. "I'd feel very honored, if you'd call me Grandma."

IT was still raining the next morning when Agnes awakened to find Caroline standing by her bed.

"Daddy will be home today for sure, won't he, Grandma?"

"I'm sure he will. How's Davey? I fed him at four this morning."

"Davey's fine, Grandma."

After breakfast, Agnes bathed Davey and straightened up the house again before she went in to dress for the trip to Bill City. She was really looking forward to meeting Mr. Adams to discuss some ideas on a future book. Mr. Freeman would be home any moment, and she must be ready to leave. But it was almost eleven o'clock before Caroline called excitedly, "Here comes Daddy, Grandma."

Agnes looked out the window to see her car coming down the lane followed by another car, and watched as a strange man climbed out and came to the door.

"Mrs. Bigelow?" he asked politely, as she opened the door.

"Yes."

"Mr. Freeman asked me to leave your car here. He had to wait for a part for his car, but he didn't want you to miss your meeting. He'll catch a ride home in a couple of hours."

"How is Mrs. Freeman?"

"Much better this morning," the man answered. "Now if you'll excuse me, my wife is waiting in our car." He started to leave, then turned back to her. "Oh, Mr. Freeman asked if you'd mind stopping on your way home so he could settle with you?"

When Agnes turned to tell Caroline the good news, she found her dancing merrily about the room.

"Goody! Goody! Mommy's getting well. I just knew she would, though."

"That's wonderful news, dear."

The girl stopped dancing and walked to the window. "You'll be going soon?"

"Do you want me to stay?"

"No, I wouldn't want you to miss your appointment."

"Well . . . ." Agnes glanced at the clock. It was a little after eleven, she'd really have to get started to make it to Bill City by one o'clock, and that meeting was very important.

"If I could be sure your Daddy would get here shortly. . . ."

"He will, Grandma."

Agnes joined Caroline at the window, and watched little streams of water running down the road. Supposing, just supposing something happened so that Mr. Freeman didn't make it back. The thought kept running through Agnes' mind. Somehow, as the minutes ticked by, the meeting with Mr. Adams became less and less important.

"Caroline," she finally said, "I'll wait for your father's return."

"But your important appointment?"

Agnes put her arms around the girl. "Suddenly, it doesn't seem nearly as urgent as staying here."

A happy look crossed the child's face. "I'm glad you're staying."

HOURS sped by. It was late afternoon, and still Mr. Freeman hadn't come. What had happened? Was Mrs. Freeman worse, or had Mr. Freeman been in an accident? Agnes tried desperately not to show concern to alarm Caroline.

"I'm sure the car part was delayed," she had repeated numerous times during the day. "He'll be here soon now."

Then, just as dusk was beginning to settle in the lonely mountainous region, Caroline jumped to her feet at the sound of someone on the porch.

"Here comes Daddy," and she flung the door open.

"Daddy! Daddy!" she cried. "Mommy's getting well!"

"Yes, dear," and then he noticed Agnes in the room.

"You stayed?"

"I thought you might be delayed."

Mr. Freeman held out his hand to steady himself against the door. His voice shook. "I've been almost frantic since we were delayed by a road slide. I thought the children were alone. Mrs. Bigelow, how can I ever repay you for your kindness? I caused you to miss your appointment. I'm sorry."

Agnes smiled at him. "I'm just as glad as you are that I stayed. I'll call my publisher. It'll do just as well."

"Your publisher? Then you are the Agnes Bigelow who writes children's books?"

"Yes, and by the way, Mr. Freeman, your daughter showed me some excellent drawings. I'm looking for someone to do the illustrations in my next book. Would you be interested?"

"Would I?" he exclaimed eagerly.

The young man's face lighted,

"Good," Agnes said. "Is the slide all repaired now?"

"Yes, traffic is going through."

"I was just thinking, Mr. Freeman, with your wife in the hospital in Carsonville, why don't you and the children come home with me this evening? You'll be close to the

(*Continued on page 400*)

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent* June 1, and June 15, 1900

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

DEAR OLD NEW ENGLAND: Among the New England hills memories come back to me that I never recall any other time or in any other place. There is in some of us a sort of heredity . . . that makes us cling with loving and longing to the haunts of nature in which childhood has been passed. . . . Journeying from New York . . . into the heart of New England among the beautiful villages nestled among the green hills is charming in itself . . . one hastens from place to place to take a look at familiar scenes of long ago. . . . Deserted and desolate are many of the homes from which the Latter-day Saints emigrated to Nauvoo early in the Forties.

—Aunt Em

A RARE JUNE WEDDING: Undoubtedly the month of June is the most delightful of the year to have pretty weddings, and there have been a large number of very elaborate ones this June season, the most significant one, perhaps, being solemnized June 29, in the Salt Lake Temple, the ceremony being performed by President George Q. Cannon. . . . The bride and bridegroom were Miss Maud M. Ford of Cleveland, Ohio, and Mr. Leroi C. Snow of Salt Lake. . . . A royal reception was given by the parents of the bridegroom at the Bee Hive House. . . Eight hundred invitations had been sent out. . . . The bride was attired in an exquisite gown of soft white material. . . . Bands of music were playing throughout the evening . . . everything seemed in keeping with the auspicious union of two young lovers embarking upon the smooth and shining sea of matrimony. . . .

—News Note

OUR SCANDINAVIAN WOMEN

Thank heaven for all these sturdy ones,
These men of toil, these women true,
Who, working on through storms and suns,
Found naught too hard for their hands to do,
And whether on earth or whether above,
We open the records of life and love,
By the side of the names of our Danish sires,
Whose hearts grew warm in the Gospel light
Will our mothers be, for those living fires
Have kept them as truly bright.

—Alofa

PIONEER WOMAN'S PAPER. This number of the paper, June first, nineteen hundred is the commencement of the Twenty-ninth volume of the *Woman's Exponent*. It is the oldest woman's paper in the West, and the first established except the *New North West* in Portland, Oregon; that was discontinued several years since.

—Editorial

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE IN ALBERTA STAKE: President M. L. Woolf rejoiced to see so many young mothers with their babes present. Felt that the minutes just read were full of inspiration. We must cultivate the spirit of God continually, that our influence may always be felt. President Sarah B. Daines of Cardston felt that the work of Relief Society was a noble mission for the daughters of Zion. Stake Counselor Jane Hinman bore her testimony as to the blessings received through testimony and prayer. . . . Spoke on the principle of obedience. "If we perform our duties as mothers our children will respect and obey us."

—Jane W. Bates, Sec.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. ESTHER HOBART MORRIS was honored recently when an eight-foot bronze statue of her was placed and dedicated to her memory in the United States Capitol's historic Statuary Hall. Mrs. Morris lived in South Pass, Wyoming, and was a noted pioneer in the West's struggle for woman suffrage. No State may have more than two pieces of sculpture in Statuary Hall. This is the first one placed for Wyoming.

SEVERAL contributors to *The Relief Society Magazine*, all residents of Salt Lake City, Utah, won honors and awards at the biennial convention of the National League of American Penwomen held in Washington, D. C. in early April. Wilma Boyle Bunker was elected first vice-president of the organization. In the junior book class, Olive W. Burt won first prize with a 25,000-word book *Pal of the Hills*, and she also received first prize in the tiny-tot stories classification. Grace S. Cozzens placed second in detective stories, and Roxana Farnsworth Hase placed third in the same group. Mabel S. Harmer won third place in stories for adults with a story "The Apricot Tree," which appeared in *The Relief Society Magazine* in April 1958, and placed third in stories for juniors nine to twelve.

REPRESENTATIVE KATHRYN E. GRANAHAN is chairman of the Postal Operations Subcommittee of the House Post Office Committee, which is making an examination of obscenity in motion pictures and motion picture advertising accepted by newspapers and carried through the mail. A number of influential newspapers of wide circulation have adopted codes of standards for acceptance of movie advertising. They ban illustrations such as those showing people in suggestive dress, using alcohol or narcotics, or "showing a high state of violence."

LORENE H. PEARSON, a novelist of Santa Fe, New Mexico, is one of three water commissioners for the ancient aqueduct "Acequia Muralla." Mrs. Pearson is the only woman to hold this position in the 150 years since this historic irrigation ditch was first in use. Mrs. Pearson's other accomplishments and hobbies include: designing houses and assisting in their construction; carding, dyeing, and spinning wool; baking various kinds of bread in an outdoor adobe oven; designing and sewing a beautiful line of patio dresses; raising fruits and vegetables and drying and canning them; and tailoring coats and suits for men and women.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 47 JUNE 1960 NO. 6

The 130th Annual Church Conference

THE 130th Annual Conference of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was held in the historic Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, Utah, April 3, 4, and 6, 1960. President David O. McKay conducted all the general sessions, and all of the General Authorities of the Church were present, except Elder Alvin R. Dyer, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, now serving as President of the European Mission. The throngs attending conference rejoiced in their renewed privilege of meeting together under the sacred influences of prayer, hymns, and anthems, and the prophetic words of uplift and inspiration from those appointed by the Lord to direct the Church in this perilous time of earth history.

The Conference messages were carried to a vast audience by twenty-five television stations and twelve radio stations, so that tens of thousands in distant places rejoiced in the words of everlasting truth and felt the spirit of strength and unity within the Church.

IN his opening address, President David O. McKay expressed his hope and his faith that members of the Church everywhere would resist the temptations that weaken the body and destroy the soul. Appealing particularly to the youth of the Church, the beloved President spoke of eternal values and eternal life:

I have confidence in our young people. It is our duty to show them a proper example. Most of them today will follow it, notwithstanding the fact that they are living in an age full of mysteries and discoveries never before known in the world. Man holds dominion over earth, sea, and air, and is now intent upon conquering space. . . . The more man learns of Infinity, the more convinced he should become of the possibility of rising above a mere animal existence. . . . There is a force . . . higher and greater than man, greater than the whole universe — that is that God is the Creator of it all.

The duty of the Church is to teach and practice the fundamental principles of the good life. Obedience to the gospel of Jesus Christ, no matter what the financial or physical conditions may be, will bring peace to the soul. . . . It requires little or no effort to indulge in anything physical or animal-like. But to be born out of that world into a spiritual world is advancement that the Lord requires of each of us. . . . This may be done in two ways: First, by seeking the truth and living in harmony with it; and, second, by resisting every influence, every power that tends to destroy or to dwarf in any way the religious sentiment.

PRESIDENT J. Reuben Clark, Jr. of the First Presidency spoke of the single road that leads to exaltation. He summarized the scriptural teachings which designate the pathway that the Lord would have his children follow in obedience and with faith:

I come to you with this simple message: There are not many roads that lead to heaven. There is one and one only, and that is the road that we profess to travel and should be traveling. It is the road that is restored to us by the restoration of the gospel and the restoration of the

Priesthood. Do not be misled by the professions of men. . . .

Beware of the idea that you do not have to live the gospel in order to obtain the salvation and exaltation that are promised. . . . I believe that bad acts, bad thoughts, inaccurate beliefs do not develop the spirit; but on the contrary, they may retard or dwarf it. I believe that all that we do that is good, builds us up and helps us to prove ourselves, that we really are living our second estate.

Brethren and sisters, do not be misled, do not stray, do not imbibe the tendency of the age that it does not make any difference what you do. It makes all the difference in this world and in the hereafter. It makes the difference between salvation and exaltation and damnation . . . you cannot afford so to jeopardize the hereafter.

PRESIDENT Henry D. Moyle declared that it is the avowed purpose and mission of the Church to prepare mankind for the second coming of Christ that the Savior's eternal mission may be fulfilled in his promised reappearance upon the earth:

All that man has accomplished, and all further advancement in every realm of human activity made by man will aid in the accomplishment of God's ultimate purpose for us here in mortality — that is to say, the establishment of his Church and Kingdom here upon this earth, preparatory to the advent of the second coming of the Savior of mankind.

. . . science and religion alike are entirely obligated to God, and so are we all. Neither science nor religion can successfully refute the second coming of Christ. The evidence is too complete, too convincing, too much a part of the great eternal plan of God. . . .

We know he will come, even as he ascended, a material being, a living Personage, separate and apart from the Father, with an immortalized body of flesh and bones. This is our work — to prepare for the second coming of Christ. This is the dispensation of the fullness of times, spoken of by Paul, the apostle. We have in our hands, with which to work, all that has gone before in all generations of man. We deny final consummation of his mission here upon the earth if we deny his second coming. Thus only can the revealed gospel of Jesus Christ be presented in its fullness. . . .

IN presenting the Church Statistical Report on Wednesday morning, April 6, President Clark stated that the membership of the Church, December 31, 1959, was 1,616,088, and the membership of Relief Society at the same time was 203,752.

In his closing address on Wednesday, President McKay expressed gratitude for the beautiful and inspirational music presented at the various sessions of the Conference — the Tabernacle Choir on Sunday, under the direction of Richard P. Condie, with Alexander Schreiner at the organ; on Monday the Mormon Choir of Southern California, under the direction of H. Frederick Davis; and on Wednesday the Brigham Young University Combined Choruses under the direction of Dr. Newel B. Weight, and Dr. Don L. Earl, and other musical selections of praise and rejoicing.

In his closing message to the Church, President McKay said: "This has been in a remarkable manner, an outstanding spiritual Conference."

We have had testimony that God is a living Being. We have had testimony that Christ is at the head of his Church. . . . We have had testimony of the Spirit that he has revealed in this dispensation the gospel of Jesus Christ to the Prophet Joseph Smith. . . . God bless those who have given the messages of this Conference. They have risen to heights sublime.

—V.P.C.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Program for the November Fast Sunday Evening Meeting

THE special program for the Sunday evening meeting on Fast Day, November 6, 1960, "Home the Heart of Happiness," has been mailed to stake and mission Relief Society presidents. We urge that these programs be distributed to the wards and branches without delay.

Hymn of the Month—Semi-Annual List

July to December 1960

THE Church-wide congregational hymn singing project, inaugurated by the Church Music Committee, will be continued during the coming six months, and all auxiliary organizations have been invited to participate. The purpose of this project is to increase the hymn repertoire of the Church members and to place emphasis on the message of the hymns. Stake Relief Society choristers and organists are requested to give assistance at leadership meetings to ward choristers and organists in carrying out this project.

An analysis and story of the hymn will be printed each month in the Church Section of *The Deseret News*.

Following is a list of hymns approved for the six months July through December 1960:

			No.
July	Thanks for the Sabbath School	Willes-Murray	177
August	Sweet Is the Peace	Morton-Durham	191
September	Lead Me Into Life Eternal	Widtsoe-Schreiner	141
October	With All the Power	Watts-Durham	216
November	Come, Ye Thankful People	Alford-Elvey	29
December	I Heard the Bells	Longfellow-Calkin	219

You'll Always Be Rich

Betty Lou Martin

MARGO Hanseen stood by the living room window which overlooked the valley. A wave of loye surged through her being as it always did when she gazed at her valley. To her, the majestic mountains rising in the distance and the beautiful fields stretching before her, meant warmth and security. She always felt a sense of well-being, as if she were coming home after having been away a long time.

Spring was coming to the valley. It was in the air everywhere. The birds chirped the message all along the way. The cows in the pasture bellowed contentedly, and the ducks down by the stream quacked the happy news to the world. A wonderful time to be alive, thought Margo as she finished dusting the living room, and then went to the front door.

"My, it's warm enough today to leave the door open for awhile," Margo mused. The clean, fresh air of spring spread through the house, and Margo stood in the doorway drinking it in. She gazed down at the path that led to the barn and saw her husband Jed and her sixteen-year-old son Randy coming toward the house. She knew that they, too, were experiencing the wonder and beauty of an early spring day.

"What time do you expect Susan's train to be in?" John inquired. "We don't want to miss our little girl. My goodness, Margo, do you realize that it has been five years since we have seen her?"

"I know, dear," Margo said, half to herself and half to Jed. Margo felt the same bewilderment overcome her as it had earlier when she was dusting and cleaning. Would Susan accept them? After all, she had been living in Europe for the past four years. The Hanseens had never had many of the material things in life, but they had been blessed with a richness of spirituality and love for one another. They knew how to find joy in life through giving of themselves to others. They each shared a love for God and were thankful for the opportunity that they had of serving him.

Margo had brought Susan up to appreciate and love God, as she had brought up her other three children to do the same. Their oldest daughter, Joan, had married and lived on the other side of the valley. Their son Jim had built himself a home a half mile from them and was content to help Jed with the farming. Randy was still in school; however, after a mission and college, he, too, wanted to settle down close to his folks.

When Susan Hanseen had married Tony Cartwright, Margo's fear had begun to develop. She liked Tony very much, but, after all, he had come from a family of considerable wealth. The Hanseens had very little in common with the Cartwrights. When Mrs. Cartwright had first come to visit the Hanseens, she hadn't seemed to relax, and Margo found herself on edge, too, although she had never had any difficulty making people feel at ease before.

Susan had been living in Europe

since her marriage, where Tony had a high position representing the Government. Now Susan was coming home for a visit. Margo hoped and prayed with all her might that Susan would not have changed. The past five years the farm had just barely paid its way. The family still drove the same car, had the same furniture, and the same old radio that had to be hit on the side to make it play. The only new addition was the television set, which was the pride of the family. They did not believe in going in debt. If they did not have the money to buy, then they waited until they did.

AS Margo dressed to go to meet Susan's train, she thought of all the royalty and titled people and officials that had entertained Susan and Tony. Once again the icy hand of fear gripped her. She looked at her gray suit. It was old. She had bought it just before Susan was married, but it was clean and neatly pressed. She looked at herself again in the mirror. She was only slightly plumper, and her dark Brown hair was streaked here and there with gray. Yes, after all, she was five years older. "Are you ready, Jed?" Margo called to her husband. "We don't want to be late."

Jed walked into the room, and Margo looked at her husband with love. If only we could have afforded him a new suit. I can get by with my clothes, but his are getting so old. Susan can't help but remember that suit. Margo kept these thoughts to herself. She did not want her husband to think that he looked shabby. She wouldn't hurt his feelings for anything in the world.

When Randy entered the room, Margo felt very proud of her good-looking son. He carried himself proud and straight, and his clean-cut features only added to his immaculate appearance. "Oh, Randy, Susan won't know you; you have grown up so much." Margo gave her son a loving pat as she straightened his collar.

Margo took one last look around as she pulled the door shut. She had done her best to have the house in order. It was neat and clean; the rest would depend upon Susan.

The drive to the city relaxed Margo somewhat as the beauty of the valley spread before her. Then, as they approached the station, her uneasiness began to come back. Jed, sensing her dilemma, reached for her hand and held it gently in his.

"Margo," Jed spoke softly, "I know how uneasy you are about meeting Susan. You are worried that she will not accept us for what we are. But remember this, she knows what we are, how we live, and we cannot change our lives just to please her. She must accept us the way we are. We accept and love her the way she is, just as we do our other children."

Margo smiled up at Jed. "I know it, dear. It is just that a little farm in the middle of a little valley may seem insignificant compared to the places that she has been and the things that she has done."

THE train pulled into the station on schedule, and a beautiful, smiling Susan ran from the train into the arms of her parents. "Let me look at you. Oh, you are just

the same as when I left, except you, Randy. My goodness, how you have grown." Susan stood back now, surveying her family.

Margo felt stunned by her daughter's remark — "You are just the same as when I left." How does she mean it? Margo wondered to herself.

"You look wonderful, Susan," Margo said sincerely to her lovely daughter. Susan was even more striking than ever with her golden blond hair combed smartly back into a French twist.

Susan hugged Margo again as they started for the car. "You look wonderful, Mother. I do like that suit on you."

As they drove toward the farm, Susan chatted excitedly about the plane trip over, the parties she had attended, and the people she had met. When they reached the farm, she jumped out of the car and ran toward the house. When Margo went inside, she didn't see Susan. She needs a few minutes to herself to look around, Margo thought as she went to the kitchen to prepare supper. Soon she heard Susan coming down the stairs, and when she turned around she was startled. Susan was dressed in a plain pink cotton skirt and blouse. Her golden hair waved loosely to her shoulders, and her lips were just barely touched with pink lipstick. She looked very much like the same happy Susan who loved spring in the valley, and cried when the old mother cat died.

"Oh, Mother, the place hasn't changed a bit," Susan spoke as she went to the cookie jar. "Hmmm, my favorite cookies, I see."

"No, Susan, things haven't changed too much. I guess that we seem to have stood still after all the places that you have lived and the many interesting people that you have met." Margo felt her heart sink.

Susan got up and went to the kitchen window. "Spring in the valley; how I have dreamed about it. Tony wanted me to wait and come home in the summer, but I just had to see my valley in the spring. Remember when I was a little girl how I used to wake up real early and run to the window to see if it was spring?"

"Yes, I remember, Susan." Margo sighed, remembering. "Those were wonderful years. We are not very rich, dear, but . . . ."

"Oh, Mother," Susan chided as she stood directly in front of her mother, "you'll always be rich. Maybe not in the things of the world, but in the things that really and truly count. I just hope that I can instill in my children the things that you and Daddy have tried to teach me. And I hope that I can make my children as happy as you have made me. I know that Jim, Joan, and Randy feel the same as I do."

Margo flung her arms around her daughter. "Oh, Susan, I was so afraid that you would change and grow away from us."

"Change? Grow away from you?" Susan was crying as she spoke. "Why, the very day that I left, Tony made the remark that he hoped you would save a little space for us so that we, too, could build here some day."

Margo and Susan dried their eyes and together they walked down toward the barnyard, and Cuddles, the little terrier, trotted happily beside them. He was glad that Susan was home, too.

For a Flower

Leone H. Simms

IN spring, at the home where I was a little girl, we had lilacs and apple blossoms, but, as summer came on, there were practically no flowers. Just across the street, however, the whole south side of our neighbor's yard was a mass of bloom. I especially remember the poppies nodding their gay red, pink, orange, and white heads at me in the gentle summer breeze. Some of them even poked their heads through the fence — coaxing me to pick them.

I have always had a deep love for flowers, and an urge to pick them, touch them, and bury my nose in them, and so on many a day I almost broke the stem of one, and sometimes my fingers stroked the petals.

One day I asked my mother if she thought it would be all right to pick just one of those that were sticking out through the fence, and was disappointed when she told me "no," though in my heart I'd known all along that "no" was the right answer.

"But," she went on, "you may go over and ask our neighbor if you may have one, and remember to thank her."

If you could see our neighbor as I used to, with my timid little girl eyes, you would know how big and frightening a thing this seemed to me. She wore her hair pulled straight back from an unsmiling face, and her voice sounded gruff and harsh. I know she was a good woman, often harried by the cares of the day, and striving to keep things the way they should be, but still I was afraid of her — not that she would harm me, but that she would be cross with me.

But I did want a flower, so I summoned all my courage and walked across the street. When the gate creaked as I opened it, I almost ran back home, but took a fresh hold on my retreating courage and went on in.

When she answered my knock, I managed to say, "Could I please have a flower?" and I wasn't too surprised, but was crestfallen, when she answered gruffly, "No, you can't," and shut the door.

Resigned but depressed, I walked back across the street and told my mother what had happened.

I've wondered since, just what were her thoughts. She had been trying to teach me the right thing to do, and it had not brought the results she had expected. However, whatever they were, she just said something soothing, and we both went on into the afternoon — she at her work and I hanging around the kitchen watching her.

But now comes the part of my story that turns it into a happy one with a lovely ending. In a little while there stood our neighbor at our door and her face didn't look cross at all. In her hand she carried a big bouquet of her lovely, beautiful, wonderful flowers and handed them to my mother. "I guess I was a little hard on the girl," she said, and explained that so many children had bothered her flowers that she had felt impatient at the time.

It was as if the sun had chased that cloud right out of the sky and out of my day, and everything was wonderful once more.

Josef Muench

SUGAR PINE IN SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK, CALIFORNIA

Sound in Summer

Renie H. Littlewood

There are two sounds in summer lovely to me —
The wind in the top of a tall pine tree,
Sighing or singing a soft melody,
Lulling the day's endless cares tenderly
Into the limbo of sleep.

The music of streams as they wash over stone,
Purling of rapids, and thunderous drone
Of falls as they plunge down to depths unknown,
To swirl without pause into channels, moss-grown,
Leading to meadows below.

Lovely sounds,
Summer sounds.

Orchids in the Snow

Chapter 2

Rosa Lee Lloyd

Synopsis: Sharon Haskell marries Sam Wynter, an engineer, and plans to go with him to make their home in Fairbanks, Alaska. At the wedding reception Sharon's Aunt Jewel catches the bride's bouquet.

IT was almost noon when Sharry and Sam arrived in Anchorage the following Wednesday. The airport was buzzing with activity as they left the luxurious nonstop airliner that had brought them from Seattle in less than seven hours.

The transparent blue-spring darkness had faded, and the sun loomed brilliantly above the eastern summits.

Today was June fifteenth, the beginning of summer in Alaska. Every living thing seemed vital and full of energy.

Sharry noticed how friendly the people were, smiling and greeting passengers with "Hi, there, fellow, glad you're home again."

"They're just like us!" she said to Sam. "Some wear hats and some don't. Oh, look! There's an Eskimo."

"Why, sure!" Sam laughed back. "You can see anything up here. Remember McFarland told us that it's high time we people from the United States should be informed about the real Alaska. It's a great, big, fabulous, lovable country, and well worth the seven million dollars we paid for it in 1867."

"Look at the dogs!" she exclaimed. "I've never seen so many dogs anywhere."

Who takes care of them, she wondered, watching a little blond wirehair with swollen eyes limp forsakenly past them as though looking for someone.

Sam had already made arrangements for their flight to Fairbanks, but there was time to eat before their plane left.

She held Sam's arm tightly as they walked toward the Big Hand Cafe that Angus McFarland, one of the airplane passengers, had told them about. She felt safe and secure when she was near Sam. Yes, even though Alaska was just as fascinating as McFarland said it was, there was also something strange about this far north country that almost frightened her. Maybe it was because she hadn't been away from home before except on summer vacations with her family.

"I wish we had invited McFarland to have luncheon with us," she said, thinking of the tall lean man who had asked them to drop the "Mister" and call him McFarland. "He is so friendly and humorous. And his position as manager of that big salmon company in Bristol Bay interests me. He knows so much about the faraway places of Alaska. And yet he's just like one of us."

"He surely is," Sam agreed. "He's a fine man. But he must be lonely up there. His daughter is grown up now, and his wife died when she was only three years old."

Sharry said, "She's twenty-one now. My age. He expects her to

fly in from Fairbanks to meet him here for a visit. She's taking home economics at the University there. I surely want to meet her. I must make new friends — now that I've left all my old ones."

Sharry hadn't meant to let her voice drop wistfully. She didn't want Sam to know she was homesick already.

He did not speak for a moment.

"I mean — I'll bet she is a nice girl," she added quickly.

"McFarland adores her. You can see that when he tells what a good student she is."

"I wonder why he hasn't married again, Sam?" she asked him. "He's a good Latter-day Saint. He goes to Utah twice a year for conference. You'd think he'd meet someone he'd like to marry."

SAM nodded thoughtfully. "Maybe he hasn't met the right one," he said. "Meeting girls at church or parties, dancing and having fun is all right, but asking someone to marry you and live in a place like Bristol Village is quite a different story. It means a woman has to love a man above all others. It means sacrifice and privation and loneliness for the life she has been used to and the dear ones she has left behind. McFarland told me a little about himself and his work — enough so I can fit the pieces together. I'm just lucky, Sharry, to have you — love me — enough."

His voice stumbled and Sharry pressed his arm close to her side.

"I do love you, Sam. Enough for anything. But Fairbanks isn't like Bristol Bay up there in the Aleutian Islands. McFarland says Bristol Village is the tailpiece of the world — the storybook land of *Gulliver's Travels*. Its population is mostly Aleuts and Eskimos with very few white people. That's different from Fairbanks," she assured him, confidently.

Sam did not answer. Suddenly he quickened his step.

"Look! There's McFarland on the corner. Let's ask him to eat with us."

McFarland was standing on the curb as though waiting for someone. He was holding a small dog in his arms. It was the little blond wirehair that Sharry had noticed before.

He accepted their invitation gladly, on one condition.

"I'll pay for my own meal," he laughed. "You kids will have to learn to go Dutch. Everybody in Alaska totes his own load. I learned that when I came here as a boy in 1930. Anchorage was just a little railroad town then. Now it's the hub of aviation up here."

His eyes went over the crowds of people on the sidewalks, the busy taxicabs, the up-to-date automobiles.

"Anchorage has plane schedules to all parts of the country. These crowds will get worse, now that we're a State. Watch the country grow."

HE looked tenderly at the little dog he was carrying.

"I'll park this little fellow and get him some chow while we're having dinner. Most of these cafes have accommodations for your dog for about ten per cent of what they charge people. Are you sure you want to eat at the Big Hand?" he questioned. "Anchorage has some real ritzy eating places — everything

from wild hen under glass to finger bowls. How about one of those places?"

Sharry shook her head. "Let's try the Big Hand," she said, thinking that would please Sam. She noticed that he was looking carefully at the little dog, then back at McFarland, whose pine-green eyes had a pensive yearning look this morning as he watched Sam and Sharry.

He was a good-looking man in his middle forties; his face was long, with high, bony planes and his shoulders were strong and loose and strained his black woolen shirt. His hair was still dark, with sprinkles of gray at his temples. There was a hunger and loneliness about him that touched Sharry's heart.

"Is this your dog?" Sam asked him as they neared the cafe.

"No, just picked him up," McFarland answered. "Poor little guy looked lonesome and homesick. So I guess he's mine if nobody claims him. My daughter Marie loves dogs. Her plane is due soon. She'll come to the Big Hand."

"The dog's eyes need attention," Sam said in his straightforward way. "And that bite on his throat does, too."

"Yes, he's been in a fight," McFarland agreed. "These little fellows have it tough up here unless they belong to someone. Dogs are just like people. They have to belong to someone to be happy. I'll ask them to clean him up before he gets his grub."

Sharry looked at Sam, happy that she belonged to him. She had so much to be grateful for, she was almost ashamed of the homesickness that nagged at her every time she remembered how far away she was from home.

Suddenly she felt something warm and wet on her cheek. The little dog in McFarland's arms had bent his head toward her and touched her cheek with his tongue.

"Well! What about that!" McFarland laughed. "He's taken a shine to you, Sharry."

She stopped and cuddled him in her arms. He nuzzled down contentedly.

"Let's name him Nuzzle," she said. "It just suits him."

"It sure does!" he agreed. "Nuzzle it is!"

Sam was watching with an indulgent grin.

THE cafe was crowded when they entered. People were waiting for tables, so while McFarland parked the dog, Sharry and Sam held a place in line.

"Smells good in here," McFarland said when he came back to them. "This place is noted for broiled muskrat and all wild game meals. You should try some, Sharry. Get used to it. It's one of the main meat dishes up there in Fairbanks and all through that country where you'll be working, Sam. Most beef is too high-priced for ordinary use, unless you're a millionaire."

Sharry pulled a face. She would rather starve, she thought.

"It's as tender as young pork," McFarland went on. "Delicate flavor, too. That's what they're cooking now on the broiler."

Sam touched her hand, understandingly. "There will be other kinds of food," he told her.

But when they were seated and she looked at the menu, she wasn't so sure about it.

"How about some caribou or rein-

deer or porcupine?" he suggested, teasing her.

"Porcupine is a luxury up here," McFarland told them. "We save them for the fellow who is stranded. We don't hunt them commercially or just for sport. Porcupine meat saved my life one time. I was stranded alone in the Talkeetas without firearms or a knife of any kind. I had to find something I could kill with my snowshoe and a porcupine was the only thing. So I value them."

Sam asked the waitress if they had anything as ordinary as ham and eggs, explaining that his wife didn't like wild game.

"I'd like grapefruit, too," Sharry added.

"We have ham and eggs but no grapefruit," she replied. "We can't get it often and when we do it's airborne from outside. We have to charge high prices for it. Our wild berries are very good, though."

And they are very good, Sharry thought later as she ate the luscious, crunchy berries that reminded her of Utah blueberries with a dash of spice. Sam had ordered a caribou steak and seemed to be enjoying it.

THEY were nearly finished when McFarland, looking surprised, stood up, excused himself, and hurried toward a small, oldish woman who had just entered the cafe. She seemed lost and bewildered until she saw him, then her weather-beaten face crinkled into a luminous smile, as though she had found what she had been searching for.

"Is she a native?" Sharry whispered to Sam. "Her hair is still black, although her face is very old."

Sam looked puzzled.

"No—I think she's a white woman. But I'm not sure."

Sharry was fascinated with her appearance. Her hair was parted in the middle with a single braid down her back. She wore a skirt made of white hide with white mukluks to match. Her blouse was a loose parka of the same material, heavily beaded, and was, no doubt, Sharry concluded, her very best dress. Everything about her, even the white mukluks, was spotlessly clean.

McFarland, after a short conversation with her, escorted her to their table with his arm protectingly around her shoulders.

"This is my dear friend Susan Elge from Bristol Village," he said to them. "She flew here last week to bring her husband to the hospital."

"I have looked here for you every day at noon," she told him. "Herman asks for you. He needs your encouragement, your prayers."

McFarland patted her shoulder, consolingly. "I'm sorry I've been away so long, Susan. I meant to return right after April conference, but I got tied up with a big salmon deal in Seattle."

Susan said, "It is good you are here now. You will stay in Anchorage — until we know . . .?"

McFarland nodded.

"I will stay, Susan," he answered, simply.

"Thank you," she murmured.

Sharry felt a vibrant courage in Susan's voice, although her thin, toilworn hands were laced together, and her dark eyes were stricken with anxiety.

"You must eat," McFarland said, kindly.

"Only soup. Reindeer soup. Will

you order for me while I wash my hands?"

After she had left the table, McFarland told them about Susan. She had been born in Alaska of white parents but had been to college in California. There she had met a Swedish fisherman, Herman Elge, married him, and gone with him to brave the wild frozen barrenness of Bristol Village. They had reared one daughter, Zora, and a son, Swenson, who was now in New York studying to be a doctor. Herman and Susan and several other white people in the village were loyal Latter-day Saints, meeting together in each other's homes. For many years Susan had been an angel of mercy to everyone who needed her. It was Susan who had helped McFarland rear his baby girl, Marie, after the death of her mother, and it was Susan who had nursed McFarland through pneumonia after he was stranded in a boat for three hours in a violent storm on the Bay.

"Her daughter lives in Sitka since her marriage," he went on. "Her son has six months longer in his residency before he can come home. Susan wonders if he will want to live in Bristol Village after New York. Alaskans always worry about that when their children go outside for any length of time. Susan has given much to make life easier for others." His voice was very gentle. "Now she needs our love and our help. Herman is very ill — lung surgery — tomorrow. . . ."

SHARRY saw a young girl hurrying toward them, her eyes shining.

"Daddy!" she called gaily. "Oh, Daddy, you're here!"

"Baby!" McFarland folded her in his big arms, lifting her off her feet. "Look dear, meet my new friends, Sam and Sharry Wynter. They're going to live in Fairbanks. This is my daughter Marie."

"Oh, hello!" she laughed, and Sharry thought she had never seen a jollier girl. Although she was not pretty, she was bright and wholesome, and her laugh bubbled with joy. Her straight, plain, brown hair was cut short like a boy's, and her face was splashed with freckles. She brought the sunshine with her. It was in her clear blue eyes, on her freckled skin, in her voice. Sharry liked her at once. She wore a straight, dark blue skirt with a white collarless blouse. A light blue sweater hung carelessly from her shoulders. The way the girls dress at home, Sharry thought, feeling overdressed in her light gray linen traveling suit that was part of her trousseau. Her own elegant little hat seemed pretentious in the presence of this natural-looking, bareheaded girl.

"I wanted to meet you at the airport," Marie said to McFarland, "but my plane was twenty minutes late on account of the head wind. Then I had to check my bag and park my dog before I came here."

McFarland explained that he had bought Marie a small plane of her own, which was not uncommon in Alaska.

"Airplanes are the best way to travel up here," he went on. "There are more airplanes in Alaska, per capita, than anywhere else in the world. Everyone uses them, even the primitive people in remote regions like Bristol Village where I live."

Sharry winced. Coming up here by air had been a new and bewildering experience for her. How would she ever accustom herself to air travel?

When the waitress brought Susan's soup and put it on the table before her empty chair, McFarland answered Marie's questioning eyes. Quietly he told her that Susan Elge was here in Anchorage and of her trouble.

"Dear Mama Sue," Marie said, lovingly. "Uncle Herman must get well, Daddy. He has always been so strong — the strongest man in the village, except you — and Swen. Uncle Herman loves music and good books. We all need him. . . ."

HER head came up with a little jerk. "Mama Sue must send for Swen," she said. "He is a doctor now — a new doctor with all the newest methods."

McFarland shook his head. "You let Mama Sue decide that, Marie," he said firmly. "We will just stand by when she needs us."

"But we must help her the way she helped us!" she remonstrated.

"I know, dear, but not with advice until we are asked," he said, resolutely.

When the waitress came again, Marie ordered a caribouger and French fries. McFarland smiled at Sharry.

"They are like your hamburgers, only made of ground caribou meat. Very good. You'll like them."

Sharry did not answer. Sam was looking at her, and she read the message in his eyes: they should leave before Susan returned so they would not intrude.

"Our plane leaves in fifteen minutes," Sam said, standing up. "We're mighty glad we met you fine people, our first friends in Alaska. Be sure to look us up in Fairbanks, Marie, as soon as you return. We'll stay at the Brideway Hotel until we get a house."

Marie's eyes widened in surprise as she looked up at them.

"You mean you don't already have a house to go to? Oh, no! Don't tell me that! Fairbanks is running over with people. They're living in tents and wanigans, even under old bridges. They should have warned you!"

Sharry felt her throat tighten. She looked at Sam. His jaw had squared off, determinedly.

"We'll be okay," he said, steadily. "Sharry and I will be okay anywhere in the world together, even if we do have to live under a bridge!"

Sharry heard the honk and hum of the traffic outside, the whirr of a huge plane in the sky overhead, the bark of a dog in the distance, and the quickened beat of her own heart. This was Alaska, thousands of miles from home.

"Take my key!" Marie was opening her bag, writing on a piece of paper. "Here's my address. Use my apartment — please do!"

(To be continued)

Prayer

Grace Ingles Frost

Prayer is the key divine
That may open the door
To the house of God.

ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1959

SELECTED DATA

THE CHURCH-WIDE compilation of the Relief Society Annual Report for 1959 reveals the faith and works of more than 203,000 devoted Relief Society sisters throughout the world as they have given loving and tender service to their fellow men and have participated in the meetings and activities of this great Society which was established under divine inspiration and has been Priesthood guided throughout its history.

It is gratifying to note that from its original charter members of eighteen women in 1842, Relief Society has now grown in numbers to 203,752, an increase of 10,199 sisters over 1958. Of this total membership, 166,809 reside in stakes of the Church and 36,943 reside in missions. This Relief Society membership is distributed throughout the fifty States of the United States, the District of Columbia, and fifty-one foreign countries.

As of December 31, 1959, there were officially organized Relief Societies functioning in 2,624 wards and branches in the 289 stakes of the Church and in 1,826 branches in the forty-seven missions of the Church. This represents a total increase of 129 Relief Societies over 1958.

A total of 134,024 sisters in the stakes and missions gave of their time and talents in positions of leadership and service as officers, teachers, or visiting teachers. Opportunity for musical expression and development was enjoyed by approximately 46,165 sisters, who participated in 3,126 Singing Mothers choruses, which was an increase of 7,269 participants and 562 choruses.

During 1959, The Relief Society Magazine, the official voice of Relief Society, was placed in 7,961 more homes than in 1958, thus extending the influence of Relief Society into the homes of 162,589 subscribers.

Visiting teaching, an important phase of the program of Relief Society, "typifies the friendly spirit and concern of Relief Society for the physical and spiritual well-being of families in the Church." Through this service 87,592 visiting teachers made a total of 3,529,477 visits to families in 47,822 visiting teacher districts to observe instances of need and to carry a spiritual message into the homes. This was an increase of 179,675 visits, which represented an average of 8.43 visits during the year to each Latter-day Saint family.

Under the direction of Relief Society, 313,041 visits were made to the sick and homebound and the equivalent of 34,827 eight-hour days care of the sick were given by Relief Society sisters where needed. Assistance was also given at 7,982 funerals and in 733 instances Relief Societies were called upon to help dress the dead for burial.

RELIEF SOCIETIES REPORTED IN 1959 ANNUAL REPORT

As an aid to the bishops, ward Relief Society presidents made 74,731 visits to families under the direction of their bishops, to determine needs. A total of 671,501 hours were contributed to the Church Welfare Program by females upon assignment by Relief Society. As welfare sewing and other sewing done under the direction of Relief Society, there were completed 476,765 sewed articles which included 63,808 articles of women's clothing, 47,361 articles of children's clothing, and 171,549 items of household furnishings, together with men's clothing, quilts, and other miscellaneous sewed articles.

Increases have been made in attendance at all of the regular Relief Society meetings, i.e., theology, work, literature, and social science, with the greatest increase being in attendance at the work meeting, at which the sisters receive training in sewing and homemaking skills.

Through the program of Relief Society the organization is continuing in its role as a service and educational organization for the women of the Church. As a result of the faithful service given by the sisters, they, too, have been the recipients of rich blessings. Through their participation, Relief Society "has contributed to the personal development of Relief Society members, has widened their sphere of influence, and has qualified them better to serve their fellow men. It has developed their skills, and has made them better homemakers. It has given them a broader understanding and a deeper appreciation of life. It has built and strengthened their testimonies of the gospel by increasing their knowledge of gospel principles and doctrine, and has influenced them to hold fast to gospel truths."

Hulda Parker

General Secretary-Treasurer

1959 GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION

OF RELIEF SOCIETY ORGANIZATIONS AND MEMBERS

Location	In Stakes		In Missions		Totals	
	Organizations	Members	Organizations	Members	Organizations	Members
UNITED STATES						
Alabama			18	346	18	346
Alaska			7	193	7	193
Arizona	144	8,325	8	116	152	8,441
Arkansas			7	117	7	117
California	387	25,605	37	1,070	424	26,675
Colorado	41	2,124	18	444	59	2,568
Connecticut			4	125	4	125
Delaware			3	66	3	66
District of Columbia	3	176			3	176
Florida	27	921	23	551	50	1,472
Georgia	14	445	14	287	28	732
Hawaii	18	1,000	40	786	58	1,786
Idaho	349	22,225	4	69	353	22,294
Illinois	11	444	26	530	37	974
Indiana	11	383	14	305	25	688
Iowa			21	340	21	340
Kansas	6	242	16	267	22	509
Kentucky	1	27	23	390	24	417
Louisiana	16	378	7	104	23	482
Maine			13	240	13	240
Maryland	6	320	1	39	7	359
Massachusetts			13	311	13	311
Michigan	9	355	7	134	16	489
Minnesota			20	412	20	412
Mississippi	9	172	10	198	19	370
Missouri	9	315	15	223	24	538
Montana	37	1,239	27	567	64	1,806
Nebraska	1	34	13	258	14	292
Nevada	47	2,871	1	11	48	2,882
New Hampshire			4	90	4	90
New Jersey	3	145	9	191	12	336
New Mexico	28	1,191	32	440	60	1,631
New York	6	300	25	520	31	820
North Carolina	2	47	38	902	40	949
North Dakota			6	92	6	92
Ohio	9	273	25	550	34	823
Oklahoma			24	477	24	477
Oregon	56	3,407	24	581	80	3,988
Pennsylvania	1	46	28	603	29	649
Rhode Island			2	37	2	37
South Carolina	13	536	10	137	23	673
South Dakota			12	182	12	182
Tennessee			17	320	17	320
Texas	51	1,560	48	775	99	2,335
Utah	1,086	80,764			1,086	80,764
Vermont			9	160	9	160
Virginia	14	582	21	382	35	964
Washington	82	4,040	11	203	93	4,243
West Virginia			13	230	13	230
Wisconsin	4	156	10	204	14	360
Wyoming	50	2,872	10	342	60	3,214
Total—United States	2,551	163,520	788	15,917	3,339	179,437

Location	In Stakes		In Missions		Totals	
	Organizations	Members	Organizations	Members	Organizations	Members
OTHER COUNTRIES						
Argentina			26	927	26	927
Azores			1	6	1	6
Australia			33	986	33	986
Austria			6	186	6	186
Belgium			9	95	9	95
Brazil			29	430	29	430
Canada	57	2,745	85	1,791	142	4,536
Chile			5	145	5	145
Cook Islands			1	24	1	24
Costa Rica			3	47	3	47
Denmark			20	435	20	435
El Salvador			4	75	4	75
England			78	1,487	78	1,487
Ethiopia			1	3	1	3
Fiji Islands			1	9	1	9
Finland			17	400	17	400
Formosa			4	40	4	40
France			19	170	19	170
Germany			163	5,329	163	5,329
Greece			1	3	1	3
Guam	1	28			1	28
Guatemala			15	276	15	276
Honduras			3	79	3	79
Hong Kong, B.C.C.			8	139	8	139
Ireland			5	82	5	82
Italy			1	4	1	4
Japan			36	438	36	438
Korea			2	53	2	53
Libya			1	12	1	12
Mexico	4	153	98	1,797	102	1,950
Netherlands			26	340	26	340
New Zealand	11	363	68	1,001	79	1,364
Nicaragua			1	16	1	16
Norway			20	282	20	282
Okinawa			2	13	2	13
Panama Canal Zone			2	31	2	31
Philippine Islands			1	7	1	7
Paraguay			1	24	1	24
Peru			1	42	1	42
Puerto Rico			2	20	2	20
Samoa			61	720	61	720
Scotland			6	102	6	102
Spain			2	36	2	36
Sweden			36	544	36	544
Switzerland			28	401	28	401
Tahiti			12	292	12	292
Tonga			42	754	42	754
Turkey			1	8	1	8
Union of South Africa			19	289	19	289
Uruguay			27	572	27	572
Wales			5	64	5	64
Total—Other Countries	73	3,289	1,038	21,026	1,111	24,315
Total—United States	2,551	163,520	788	15,917	3,339	179,437
GRAND TOTAL	2,624	166,809	1,826	36,943	4,450	203,752

MEMB

IN MISSIONS		IN
1958 34,970 R. S. MEMBERS	1959 36,943 R. S. MEMBERS 1,973 INCREASE	1958 158,583 R. S. MEMBERS

L. D. S. FAMILIES

	1959	1958	Increase
L. D. S. Families (Total)	418,551	387,238	31,313
In Stakes	342,099	317,356	24,743
In Missions	76,452	69,882	6,570

ORGANIZATIONS

	1959	1958	Increase
Stake and Mission Organizations (Total)	336	316	20
Stake	289	270	19
Mission	47	46	1
Ward and Branch Organizations (Total)	4,450	4,321	129
In Stakes	2,624	2,517	107
In Missions	1,826	1,804	22

LEADERSHIP

134,024 Relief Society Members served as leaders in the Society during 1959 and 126,381 in 1958.

	1959	1958	Increase
Stake Officers	3,275	3,098	177
Mission Officers	1,001	852	149

R S H I P

KES	TOTAL MEMBERSHIP	
1959 166,809 R. S. MEMBERS 8,226 INCREASE	1958 193,553 R. S. MEMBERS	1959 203,752 R. S. MEMBERS 10,199 INCREASE

	1959	1958	Increase
Ward and Branch Executive Officers	16,671	16,081	590
Other Officers	8,674	8,298	376
Class Leaders	16,811	16,064	747
Visiting Teachers	87,592	81,988	5,604

SINGING MOTHERS

	1959	1958	Increase
Ward and Branch Singing			
Mothers Choruses (Total)	3,126	2,564	562
In Stakes	2,313	1,939	374
In Missions	813	625	188
Approximate Number of Singers (Total)	46,165	38,896	7,269
In Stakes	37,750	32,488	5,262
In Missions	8,415	6,408	2,007

MAGAZINE

	1959	1958	Increase
Relief Society Magazine Subscriptions	162,589	154,628	7,961

VISITING TEACHING	1959	1958	Increase
Visiting Teachers	87,592	81,988	5,604
Visiting Teacher Districts	47,822	43,448	4,374
Family Visits (Total)	3,529,477	3,349,802	179,675
Home	2,338,921	2,238,136	100,785
Not Home	1,190,556	1,111,666	78,890
Per Cent at Home	66.26%	66.81%	
Communications in Lieu of Visits	68,628	66,740	1,888

An average of 8.43 visits were made to each L.D.S. family in 1959
An average of 8.65 visits were made to each L.D.S. family in 1958

COMPASSIONATE SERVICE	1959	1958	Increase or Decrease
Visits to Sick and Homebound	313,041	293,876	19,165
Days Care of the Sick	34,827	35,787	-960
Bodies Dressed for Burial	733	783	-50
Funerals at Which Relief Society Assisted	7,982	8,737	-755
Wards and Branches Maintaining Lists of Nurses (Total)	2,731	2,716	15
In Stakes	2,028	1,927	101
In Missions	703	789	-86

CHURCH WELFARE SERVICE	1959	1958	Increase
Hours Contributed to Church Welfare Program by All Females Upon Assignment by Relief Society	671,501	477,896	193,605
Family Visits Made Under Direction of Bishop	74,731	57,379	17,352
Sisters Serviced Who Sewed for Themselves and Families	3,394	3,394	-
Hours Contributed to Church Welfare Program by Sisters Serviced by Relief Society Under the Direction of the Bishop	223,907	116,302	107,605
SEWING SERVICE AT MEETINGS			
Articles Completed (Total)	476,765	429,125	47,640
Kinds of Articles:			
Quilts	22,198	21,630	568
Children's Clothing	47,361	41,717	5,644
Women's Clothing	63,808	59,963	3,845
Men's Clothing	3,667	3,565	102
Household Furnishings	171,549	151,660	19,889
Other (Miscellaneous)	168,182	150,590	17,592
Sewing Machines Owned by Societies (Total)	4,430	4,093	337
In Stakes	3,752	3,563	189
In Missions	678	530	148

MEETINGS

	1959 Number	1958 Number	Increase or Decrease
TOTAL MEETINGS HELD	221,807	215,474	6,333
Relief Society General Conference	1	1	-
Stake Relief Society Conventions	161	160	1
Stake and Mission Meetings (Total)	6,240	5,778	462
Stake and Mission District Board	3,545	3,140	405
Stake and Mission Leadership	2,695	2,638	57
Ward and Branch Meetings (Total)	215,383	209,509	5,874
Regular Meetings for Members	145,983	141,020	4,963
Visiting Teachers Meetings	27,292	25,507	1,785
Preparation Meetings	20,826	22,450	-1,624
March, November Fast Sunday and Other Special Meetings	15,158	14,643	515
Annual Relief Society Conferences	3,755	3,625	130
Officers Meetings Prior to Conferences	2,369	2,264	105
VISITS BY STAKE AND MISSION OFFICERS			
Visits to Wards and Branches (Total)	33,051	31,138	1,913
To Wards by Stake Officers	26,786	24,665	2,121
To Branches by Mission and District Officers	6,265	6,473	-208

AVERAGE ATTENDANCE	1959 Number	1959 Percent	1958 Number	1958 Percent	Increase or Decrease
Regular Meetings for Members (Total)	76,919	37.8	73,381	37.9	3,538
In Stakes	61,180	36.7	58,425	36.9	2,755
In Missions	15,739	42.6	14,956	43.0	783
Theology	83,103	40.8	79,741	41.1	3,362
Work	76,650	37.6	72,404	37.4	4,246
Literature	73,116	35.9	69,968	36.1	3,148
Social Science	74,808	36.7	71,415	36.8	3,393
Visiting Teacher Meetings	44,767	51.1	43,291	52.8	1,476

CONSOLIDATED FINANCIAL REPORT FOR STAKES AND MISSIONS

Receipts and Disbursements

Cash Balance on Hand, January 1, 1959	$1,509,025.05
Receipts	2,684,576.26
Total	$4,193,601.31
Disbursements	$2,565,628.26
Cash Balance on Hand, December 31, 1959	$1,627,973.05

Assets — December 31, 1959

Cash Balance on Hand, December 31	$1,627,973.05
Wheat Trust Fund Deposited at Presiding Bishops Office	422,912.22
Other Invested Funds (Savings Bonds, etc.)	68,320.83
Real Estate and Buildings	117,091.91
Total Assets	$2,236,298.01

Menus for Special Dinners

Ruby K. Smith

SPECIAL dinners for Sundays, holidays, anniversaries, family gatherings, and other occasions may be made appetizing and attractive by planning the menu and preparing most of the food the day before the dinner is to be served.

The casseroles in the following menus may all be prepared the day before the special dinner and stored in the refrigerator over night. Then, thirty or forty minutes before the time for serving the dinner, the casseroles may be placed in the oven, with the thermostat set at moderate heat (300° to 350°). By the time the quick-cooking green vegetables are done, and the salads and fruit cups have been served, the main dish will be ready.

Dinner for Family — Menu No. 1

Minted Fruit Cup
Chicken Casserole de Luxe
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Asparagus Tips with Hollandaise Sauce
Golden Glow Salad
Jiffy Applesauce Dessert

Minted Fruit Cup

Add crushed mint candy to canned fruit mix, or to any combination of diced fruit prepared at home. Canned clingstone peaches, pears, and pineapple — topped with a maraschino cherry — will make a good combination. If diced bananas are used, they should be added just before serving.

Chicken Casserole de Luxe

- 3 c. cooked rice
- ⅓ c. butter or substitute
- 5 tbsp. flour
- 1½ c. chicken stock or bouillon, mixed with
- 1 c. evaporated milk
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 c. cooked chicken, sliced, or
- 2 7-ounce cans boned chicken
- 1 small can mushrooms
- 2 tbsp. shredded pimento
- ¼ c. shredded green pepper
- ¼ c. slivered blanched almonds

While preparing cooked rice according to directions on package, make white sauce of shortening, flour, and liquid mixture. Add salt and any other desired seasoning. Arrange one-half the drained rice in a well-greased baking dish. Pour half the sauce over rice. Next arrange a layer of mushrooms, then the chicken. Sprinkle pimento and green pepper over chicken. Arrange remaining rice, and cover with remaining sauce. Sprinkle slivered almonds over top. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes.

Candied Sweet Potatoes

- 4 c. cooked sweet potatoes
- 1 c. brown sugar
- 3 tbsp. butter
- ½ c. water
- ¼ tsp. salt

Cut sweet potatoes lengthwise and arrange in greased baking pan. Cook remaining ingredients over low heat until sugar melts, stirring constantly. Pour mixture over sweet potatoes. Bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes. (This recipe may also be used for candied yams.)

Asparagus Tips

Break upper, tender portions of fresh asparagus from woody base. Cook in covered saucepan with ¼ cup boiling, salted water for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve with hot Hollandaise sauce.

Spur-of-the-Moment Hollandaise

Carefully heat ½ cup mayonnaise, stirring constantly. Thin with cream or evaporated milk.

Golden Glow Salad

1 envelope gelatin
¼ c. sugar
½ tsp. salt
¾ c. boiling water
½ c. cold water
¼ c. lemon juice
1 c. finely shredded carrots
1 c. pineapple, diced or crushed
½ c. broken pecan meats

Mix gelatin, sugar, and salt. Add boiling water and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Add cold water and lemon juice. Chill until partially congealed. Add remaining ingredients, and set in individual molds. Serve on lettuce with salad dressing.

Jiffy Applesauce Dessert

Spoon canned or fresh applesauce over individual servings of uniced cake, and top with scoop of vanilla ice cream.

Dinner For Family — Menu No. 2

Frozen Fruit Cup
Golden Brown Chicken en Casserole
Scalloped Potatoes — Frozen Peas
Quick Buns
Waldorf Salad Mold — Lemon Chiffon Pie

Frozen Fruit Cup

1 c. peaches, drained
1 c. sugar
½ c. water
lemon juice

Boil sugar and water for 5 minutes to make a syrup. Whip peaches until smooth in mixer or blender. Add syrup and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Pour in tray and place in freezer until firm. To serve, place in sherbet glasses and pour lemon juice or ginger ale over each serving. (Other fruits, such as pears, apples, or pineapple, may be used in this recipe.)

Golden Brown Chicken en Casserole

1 frying chicken
½ c. fry meal mix

Cut chicken in pieces for frying. If dry, slightly moisten in cool water. Shake off excess moisture. Put fry meal in paper or plastic bag. Add chicken and shake in

bag until chicken is thoroughly coated with meal. Place pieces of chicken, cut side up, in pan (without rack), and brown under broiler heat. Turn over each piece, and continue broiling until skin side is golden brown. Place chicken in casserole, cover, and store in refrigerator over night. Before serving, bake in moderate oven (325°), 30 or 40 minutes.

Scalloped Potatoes

6 medium-sized potatoes
¼ c. butter or other fat
¼ c. flour
2 c. milk
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
2 tbsp. minced onion

Cook potatoes in jackets until almost tender. Peel and slice thin. Heat minced onion in melted butter, then blend in flour and gradually add milk and cook until it boils, stirring constantly. Place alternate layers of potatoes and sauce in greased casserole, and cover. Before serving, reheat in moderate oven, 20 to 30 minutes. Uncover to brown the last 10 minutes. (Grated cheese may be blended into white sauce.)

Frozen Peas

Heat ¼ cup salted water to boiling. Add peas and separate with fork. Bring to boiling point again, and cook until peas are tender — 5 or 10 minutes. Add butter and serve immediately.

Quick Buns

1 pkg. dry yeast or 1 yeast cake
¾ c. water
1 egg, separated
2½ c. biscuit mix
⅓ c. currants or raisins
½ tsp. cinnamon
powdered sugar, as needed

Soften yeast in lukewarm water. Add egg yolk, biscuit mix, currants, and cinnamon, and beat vigorously. Knead on floured board (25 strokes). Roll ½ inch thick. Cut with 2½ inch biscuit cutter. Shape into buns and place in 11 x 7 inch baking pan. Let rise until almost double. Brush with egg whites. Bake 12 to 15 minutes at 400°.

Add ½ teaspoon vanilla and powdered sugar to remaining egg white to coat the top. Serve cold, or reheat just before serving.

Waldorf Salad Mold

1 package lemon-flavored jello
1 c. hot water
1 c. cold water
4 unpeeled red apples
2 c. diced celery
½ c. chopped walnuts

Dissolve jello in hot water. Add cold water and chill until partially set. Add remaining ingredients and put in individual molds. Chill until firm. Serve on crisp lettuce or any preferred green, and top with salad dressing.

Lemon Chiffon Pie

1 tbsp. gelatin
¼ c. cold water
1 c. sugar
4 eggs, separated
½ c. lemon juice
1 tsp. grated lemon rind.
1 baked pie shell

Soak gelatin in cold water. Beat egg yolks until very light. Add one half of sugar, juice, and rind. Beat until smooth and cook on low heat until custard coats the spoon. Remove from heat, add soaked gelatin, and stir until dissolved. Chill mixture

until partially congealed. Meanwhile, beat egg whites until very light, gradually adding remaining half cup of sugar. Then carefully fold cooled mixture into egg whites, and pour into baked pie shell. Chill thoroughly, and serve with whipped cream.

Buffet Dinner for Larger Family Gatherings

Hot Tomato Juice with Whipped Cream
Classic Meat Loaf
Creamed New Potatoes and Peas — Candied Yams
Buttered Bread or Rolls
Garden Ring Salad — Deviled Eggs
Assorted Relishes
Peach Paradise

Hot Tomato Juice with Whipped Cream

(May be served in living room during last-minute dinner preparations)

Add one bouillon cube to each quart of tomato juice. Season to taste with salt, sugar, and celery salt. Serve hot, adding one teaspoon whipped cream to each serving.

Classic Meat Loaf

2 lbs. ground beef
1 lb. ground pork
4 c. fine dry bread crumbs
2 eggs, well beaten
2 c. milk
1 c. chopped onions
2 tsp. salt
2 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce

Combine all ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pack in greased loaf pan. Bake in moderate oven (350°) for 1 hour. Refrigerate over night. Return to oven before serving, and bake another 30 minutes. Serves 8-10.

Creamed New Potatoes and Peas

4 to 6 c. cooked new potatoes, diced — 2 to 3 c. cooked peas
3 to 4 c. well-seasoned white sauce

Combine ingredients in one large or two small casseroles. Refrigerate over night. Before serving, heat in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes.

Candied Yams

Use recipe given above for candied sweet potatoes.

Garden Ring Salad

(Bright vegetables captured in gelatin)

2 envelopes gelatin
½ c. sugar
1 tsp. salt
1½ c. boiling water
1 c. cold water
½ c. lemon juice
1 c. shredded carrots
1 c. shredded cabbage with
2 tbsp. slivered pimento
½ c. shredded celery
½ c. slivered green pepper

Mix gelatin, sugar, and salt. Add boiling water until gelatin is dissolved. Add cold water and lemon juice. Chill until partially congealed. Place alternate half-cup portions of the different vegetables into a 6½-cup ring mold. Carefully pour in gelatin. Chill until firm.

Courtesy American Institute of Baking

PEACH CAKE WITH WHIPPED CREAM

To serve, unmold on a large round platter, and garnish as desired. Deviled eggs with parsley may be served in center.

Deviled Eggs

6 hard-cooked eggs
¼ c. melted butter or mayonnaise
¼ tsp. salt
dash of pepper
¼ tsp. prepared mustard
1 tsp. onion, finely minced
¼ tsp. curry powder (optional)

Cut shelled eggs into halves. With teaspoon, carefully remove yolks to a small bowl. Set whites aside. Mash yolks very fine and crumbly. Blend in butter and other ingredients. Generously refill hollows in whites with yolk mixture, slightly rounding each.

Peach Paradise

1 large round cake (chiffon or angel food)
1 pkg. white frosting mix
2 c. sliced clingstone peaches
1 c. shredded coconut, toasted

Cut cake in two, horizontally. Spread frosting on lower layer and arrange ¾ cup diced peaches evenly over it. Replace upper layer and spread the rest of the frosting over top and sides of cake. Sprinkle toasted coconut generously around outer side of the dessert. Refrigerate overnight. Just before serving, arrange well-drained sliced peaches in swirl pattern over top of cake.

To toast coconut, spread thinly in shallow pan, and toast in moderate oven (350°) until delicately brown — about 5 minutes. Stir once or twice, to toast evenly.

Fiddlers Three

Lula Walker

SUSAN Eldon tossed restlessly in her big walnut bed. Sleep was slow in coming tonight. The arthritis in her hands was bothering her. The sliver of light she could see from the living room meant that Myra, her daughter-in-law, was still at her mending. Susan always felt guilty when Myra was mending. That had been her own task before this trouble with her hands. It was hard to bear this awful feeling of uselessness that weighed upon her.

She heard the outside door open and close. That would be her grandson Vance home from evening orchestra practice in town. She could hear his eager chatter about commencement which was only three weeks away.

"Mr. Rogers from Midland College was at school today signing up some of the seniors for next year," he was telling his mother. "Ned and Harvey are both going."

Susan caught the wistful note in his voice as he named his two closest friends. If only Vance could go, she thought. And then Myra spoke.

"I wish you could go," she said, "but even with good crops we couldn't manage it with the interest due this fall. There doesn't seem to be any way." Myra's tired voice was lifeless.

"There is a way," Vance burst out excitedly. "Mr. Rogers visited orchestra period. After my solo he came around and talked to me. He plays himself and knows instruments. Right off he noticed my violin. He said it was worth several hundred dollars. Just think, Mom, I could sell it and get a cheaper one for practice. That would give me the extra cash I need for school."

Sell the violin! The words stabbed Susan like a knife. Sell the violin that his grandfather had cherished above every other possession! She was aghast at the idea.

"But you couldn't!" It was Myra speaking. "What would your Grandmother say?"

"It's mine, isn't it?" Vance gave back heatedly. "Grandfather gave it to me. Besides," he added more quietly, "Gran's a good sport. She wants me to go to college. Music is what I've always wanted. Midland has the best music department in the State. I'll work part time. I can't miss my chance. I just can't!"

"Maybe — maybe — when the fryers are sold, I might. . . ."

The soft closing of a door cut off Myra's words, but Susan could guess what Myra had in mind. The precious money from her fryers that was to build a new chicken house might be used for Vance's tuition. Myra must not do that. The new house was a necessity if Myra continued to raise chickens. And raising chickens made an important addition to the family income, with the returns from farming activities so uncertain.

But what of the violin? That must not be sold. It was heartbreaking to think of such a thing.

But Susan didn't blame Vance. A boy of seventeen didn't see things as a woman of seventy. But some day he would see and be sorry — when the violin was gone. She remembered how William, her husband, used to play it when he had brought her to this house fifty years ago as a bride. Lilting, lively tunes he would play when he was happy, mournful ones when he was in low spirits. The violin had been a sort of barometer of his feelings. Those early years had been hard, but she could not imagine William ever parting with his violin. He would probably have sold the cookstove first, if that had been necessary.

NO, the violin must not be sold, but Vance was demanding his chance, and he must have it. His father Phillip had missed his. She could not let that happen to Vance. Phillip had worked hard here on the farm, but when it came to farming, he had been a square peg in a round hole. His interests had been in books and music. He had hoped for college, but she and his father felt they could not afford it, and Phillip had lacked the drive to work his way through. She realized now they could have managed it some way. She must find a way for Vance.

Involuntarily, she passed her hands across the satiny smoothness of the walnut headboard. The touch of the wood always seemed to bring comfort when she was troubled — like the touch of a loved one's hand. But tonight it was like a sting, a sharp reminder of how simple it would be to save the violin and provide for Vance's need. But surely, she thought, there must be some other way besides selling her lovely old walnut set that was a wedding gift from her mother. In the moonlight she could see the outline of the beloved bureau and the stately old highboy in the corner.

Her niece Margaret was eager to buy the set any time Susan would say the word. And Margaret had made a substantial offer. But there must be some other way, Susan kept saying over and over to herself. She was still wide-eyed when she heard the clock strike three — with no solution yet to her problem.

WHEN Susan woke, the bright May morning sun was streaming through her bedroom windows brightening the faded pink roses of the worn Wilton carpet. Quickly she passed her fingers across the headboard of the four-poster. Yes, her bed was there, and the matching bureau, and the old highboy. She had dreamed her treasured set was gone, and in its place the ugly fumed oak pieces that were in the attic.

She heard the clock striking eight. Goodness, she had overslept a couple of hours. In nervous haste she began to dress, her stiff fingers all thumbs as she fumbled with the buttons of her blue gingham. A slight, girlish figure, Susan stood trim and neat before the oval mirror of the walnut bureau. As quickly as her cramped hands would allow, she brushed her wavy gray hair.

She must hurry. It was long past breakfast time and Myra never liked to hold a meal. Put her back for the whole day she said. And with a poultry meeting scheduled for today she would be in a rush. Myra, a dark stoutish woman in her mid-

forties, was at the sink washing the cream separator parts when Susan came into the kitchen.

"I slept scandalous late," she apologized. "My hands bothered me for a while. But they're all right now," she hastily added, "you go ahead and get ready. I'll do the dishes."

"I slept poorly, too," Myra confessed.

The reason Susan could easily guess. Myra was worrying about the violin, too, and probably trying to decide whether to give up her long cherished plans for a chicken house. "Myra's dream house," Phillip had nicknamed it. Myra had planned for it as other women plan for a home. She was the practical type — almost devoid of sentiment, Susan had once thought until she had come upon her one day fondling a stray dog. Susan had slipped away without letting Myra know she was there. It would have embarrassed Myra.

Susan served the oatmeal from the double boiler on the back of the range and sat down to the oilcloth covered table. How she hated oilcloth — and always eating in the kitchen! Only for company or hired help did Myra bother about the dining room. If only she were not so practical, thought Susan. But she had been a good balance wheel for Phillip, no doubt. Susan was thinking now of Phillip's graduation from high school. He had played a solo on his father's violin, this same violin Vance wanted to sell. "Dipping into the future," had been the subject of his valedictory. Susan had dipped into the future, too, that night, with some rosy dreams for Phillip that had not materialized.

AND Susan was remembering another night — when they went to Danville to hear Kreisler. Myra had thought it an extravagance with tickets at three dollars each, but Súsan had insisted it was her treat. The money for the tickets had come from the sale of a prized pair of candlesticks to her niece Margaret.

But Susan had not regretted her sacrifice while she watched her men during the concert — her silvery-haired husband intent on catching every cadence of the instrument, and Phillip leaning forward with a wistful look on his face. Phillip's interest in music had perhaps been as strong as Vance's. It still tore at Susan's heartstrings to think how Phillip had drifted into a vocation for which he was not fitted.

At an early age Vance had shown a talent for the violin. With his father and grandfather to help him, he could play simple tunes at six. He had played at the dedication of the new church when he was eight. Susan could see it all now — Vance, a dark-haired, eager-eyed boy, standing calm and confident beside the bishop as the clear strains of "Abide With Me," came from his violin. When he had finished, old Captain Thornton, lifelong family friend had leaned over to whisper to her husband, "Fiddlers three, Bill, fiddlers three!"

Yes, "fiddlers three," Susan thought with misty eyes as she cleared away the breakfast things.

Back in her room, she surveyed her bedroom suite. Never had it looked lovelier — the graceful curves of the bed, the perfect symmetry of the bureau and highboy. And what memories were bound up in the old pieces! In the lower bureau drawer

she had kept her wedding dress. Here, too, had lain the little clothes her baby daughter never lived to wear.

Never had she expected to part with this furniture, the only good pieces she had left. One by one, she had disposed of the other pieces as some financial crisis arose — the gate-leg table when Vance had pneumonia, the ladder-back chair when Phillip had an operation, the cherry wardrobe when an interest payment on the farm was overdue. Surely, she was entitled to keep the walnut bedroom set, Susan thought with a dry sob in her throat.

The soft breeze that stirred the window curtains brought the fragrance of lilacs from the big bush Susan had set out so long ago. She could see Phillip and Myra preparing to leave, Myra carrying the coop to the car, with her handsome white Plymouth Rock rooster. Poultry experts would score him today Myra had said. Too restless to sit still, Susan started clearing her closet. Up the steep stairs to the attic she trudged with winter clothing to put away. There, dusty and covered with cobwebs, was the ugly oak bed and dresser Myra had once purchased at an auction for Vance's room.

Substantial and roomy, Myra had countered when Vance protested that the dresser was ugly and the mirror mottled. Vance had his own set now that he had made in manual training. The oak pieces were no longer needed. Good enough for an old woman, Susan told herself, but she rebelled at the thought of opening her eyes each morning on these atrocities. But she could do it — to save the violin.

SHE went downstairs and put in a call for Margaret. She tried a second and third time, but there was no answer. Perhaps it was meant to be this way. At least she had tried. Then she remembered that Margaret was planning a trip. Possibly she had already gone. Susan became panicky at the thought that she might have missed her.

Perhaps a turn in the fresh air might help. As Susan walked about, she looked at Myra's hens. Scattered here and there and snipping the young grass, they made a pretty sight. No wonder Myra was proud of them and eager to have something better than the ramshackle old chicken house. No, she must not sacrifice her "dream house" that was so badly needed. Right over there by the old apple tree, now fragrant with blossoms, was the spot she had picked for it.

Susan went into the house resolved to learn, if possible, whether Margaret had gone. She called Margaret's neighbor, Alice Fleming. No, she had not seen Margaret, but she had intended to leave today on her trip, Alice reported. Trembling, Susan replaced the receiver. She had waited too long. Why, oh, why had she delayed? Margaret had wanted the furniture for a long time. When she returned, she might not want it. She might have found something else. And Vance was impetuous. With his heart set on college, he might sell the violin any time — today even, she thought with a start.

She darted into his room. Thank goodness, the violin was there. Faint with relief, she sank down on the couch. She had tried so hard to hold back her feelings, but now

she broke into a torrent of weeping. She must have cried herself to sleep, for it was the telephone that roused her. It was Margaret.

"Alice said you called. Is anything wrong?"

"No, no!" Susan was struggling to keep the tremor out of her voice. "Everything's fine. I just wanted to tell you I'm ready to let you have the furniture."

"Are you sure, Aunt Susan?" she asked, with a note of happy excitement.

"I'm sure." Susan's voice was firm now, the tremor gone. "And could you come for it today? Myra's getting ready to houseclean."

"We'll be there," Margaret promised.

Quickly Susan emptied the orderly contents of the drawers, trying to think only of what it would mean for Vance.

Two hours later, the walnut set was gone, and in its place the old oak set from the attic.

"You shouldn't have done it," Myra said when she learned of Susan's action.

"And why not?" Susan asked. "A young man's future is more important than an old woman's whim."

"You're a good sport, Gram." Vance's voice was husky when he found at his plate that evening a check in an envelope with the notation, "A graduation gift — for Vance."

"I'll practice harder than ever. And am I lucky to have a fine violin like Grandfather's. I intend to keep it always. And guess what, Gram? When school's out, I'm going to give that old oak furniture such a work-over, you won't know it."

Summer Night

Maxine R. Jennings

I breathe deep-toned enchantment, and explore
The velvet folds of cool, star-studded night.
A wandering wind waits just outside my door,
With breath rose-scented, and a voice as slight
As whispered music in the pale half-light
Of guardian stars; nasturtiums, gold by day,
Wear shadow lace of navy, woven tight,
While crickets move in lyric roundelay,
Singing of summer's silver-patterned flight.

I drink the hour's fullness, and review
A finite world from my heart's highest hill!
Was day too cluttered to be truly blue?
I let small cares, like grating pebbles, spill
Into the darkness that they cannot fill,
Grateful that grass can grow and buds unfold,
And stars and seasons heed no human will,
Rejoicing that the wheel is heaven controlled,
That Who created earth creates peace still.

Needed By Someone

(*Continued from page 363*)

hospital, and the children will be with me. We could talk about the illustrations."

The young man's face lighted, then he sat down dejectedly. "We can't keep imposing on you, Mrs. Bigelow."

"You're not," she laughed. "You just don't know how large my house seems with my family all gone."

"Could we, Daddy?" Caroline chimed in. "I'll help Grandma."

"My wife was right," he said. "I think you are an angel."

BY nine o'clock, they were all settled in Carsonville. Mr. Freeman rushed back to the hospital for a few minutes, Caroline and Davey were in bed, and Agnes picked up the receiver and placed a call to Mr. Adams.

"I'm sorry I couldn't make the appointment," she explained when she heard his voice on the other end of the line.

Mr. Adams was silent a moment, then without hesitation, "I'll drive by Carsonville on my return home. I understand it isn't far out of my way," he answered amiably.

"Thank you, Mr. Adams. I'd like you to meet the man who is going to do the illustrations, too."

Five minutes later, the phone rang, and it was Christine.

"Mother darling," her voice sounded excited. "I have the most marvelous news. I thought you'd be going to the writer's conference, and come by here."

Agnes explained meeting the Freeman family. "So I didn't go to Bill City, but Mr. Adams is coming by here tomorrow. You haven't told me the news. What is it?"

"You're going to be a grandmother."

"Oh, Christine, that's just wonderful — that's just. . . ."

"We thought we'd come over for a few days." Christine laughed happily. "You know a girl needs her mother to talk to."

Agnes swallowed. "Make it soon, dear, I've plenty of room and you'll love the Freeman family. I'm so happy, dear."

Agnes hung up the receiver and walked to the bedroom to check on the children.

"I'm awake, Grandma," Caroline said, sitting up in bed and flipping on the light over the bed. "Why are you smiling?"

"I was just thinking." Agnes sat down on the side of the bed and looked about the room. "Yesterday I felt lonely, no one needed me, I even began to think no one really cared about me. You know, dear, to feel needed by someone, helps one to be happy."

"Does it? Am I needed?" the girl asked innocently.

"Indeed you are." Agnes ruffled Caroline's curly hair. "You'll never know what you and your family have done for me. Everyone is needed by someone if she'll just open her hands wide to the opportunities."

"Oh," the girl answered, a little puzzled.

"And right now," Agnes tucked the covers around her little friend, "I need you most to get me used to being called Grandma."

"Can I always call you Grandma?" Caroline asked seriously.

"Of course you can, darling. Goodnight," and smiling happily, Agnes closed the door softly behind her.

Mary Sorenson Johnson Finds Enough Hobbies to Make Her Happy

MARY Sorenson Johnson, Milford, Utah, finds much happiness in her multiple hobbies, and shares this happiness with her friends, her family, and her neighbors. She has crocheted tablecloths and bedspreads for each of her children, has made fourteen stoles, crocheted the edges for hundreds of handkerchiefs, has made many metal trays and hundreds of corsages. She also makes baskets and rugs and is an excellent seamstress.

Her community activities have included serving as a director of the Milford Chapter of the American Red Cross, and during the depression she was appointed official distributor of surplus commodities. Long active in Relief Society, she has served as secretary-treasurer, counselor, and president in her ward, and is now work meeting leader. For many years she faithfully cared for the sick and made burial clothes and assisted at funerals. At present she is a visiting teacher in the Milford Second Ward. She is the mother of six children, grandmother to fourteen, and great-grandmother to thirteen.

Forecast

Evalyn M. Sandberg

My child, weather-wise,
Learns the climate of my heart
By searching my eyes.

My Mother and Her Hemstitching Machine

Fay McCurdy Bailey

THE hemstitching machine just plain wore out, and no wonder. I remember when Mother purchased it, and it was delivered to our home. It was huge, and was to do many wonderful things that other machines could not do.

That was thirty-five years ago, and oh, the yards of hemstitching my Mother has done in that time!

Being big and noisy, it sat in the "back" bedroom most of the time by a south window, where the light was good. Since there were six children demanding Mother's care, she would rise early to do her sewing. Very few mornings in my life do I remember ever waking up to any sound but the hum of the hemstitcher.

A large spool board spaced with nails, over which a spool of thread could slide easily, was made by Daddy. Thus, Mother had somewhere to keep the numerous spools, in various shades that she would need.

Her hemstitching scissors always fascinated me, and they still do. They were small and shaped like a bird with a long, pointed bill. They were "special" and were to be kept just for Mother's work.

In a drawer in her machine, she kept a small notebook. In this she would write the name of the person whose sewing she had done, the number of yards hemstitched, and then how much it would cost. It certainly wasn't an elaborate bookkeeping system, but it satisfied her.

Her reputation of doing good work kept her busy, for she always had pieces to be done. Many packages came in the mail from people all over the country, and I don't remember her ever charging postage when she returned the finished work.

For many years she charged six cents a yard for straight work and eight cents for scallops. Then, later on, as times were better, she charged eight cents and ten cents, and she furnished the thread.

SOMETIMES Mother did work for people whom she knew couldn't afford to pay what it would cost. Then she just didn't charge full price. No one will ever know the yards and yards she has done for Relief Society sewing in our Church. This was always her contribution.

No one could ever fix her machine if it acted up. I remember a repair man coming and spending hours trying to fix it, and it still wouldn't work right. Then Mother went to work on it. She'd tinker and fuss, and how she ever could repair the complicated thing, I'll never know. But she never gave up, and, eventually, it would be humming along again.

Because Mother did sewing, someone was always coming to the house to leave some work or pick up some. Many fine friendships started while Mom finished some work.

Because of this machine and the wonderful things my Mother could do with it, I had an advantage over many of my girl friends. She sewed beautifully and made all my clothes, which were finished with hemstitch-

ing. The sashes on my dresses were always edged in picots, not hemmed. Any seamstress appreciates not having to "fine hem" a sash. So often in the life of a young teenage girl, she feels she just *has* to have a new dress for a special occasion — and many the night my Mother sat up to finish one for me! I never truly appreciated what she did till now — as I do the same for my teenage daughter.

During the depression years of the thirties, I know Mother's "pin money" from her hemstitching bought us many things we never could have had otherwise. It seemed as if she always had a little money coming in to meet the many demands.

This big, noisy hemstitcher is interwoven into all my memories of home. As I look back, they are dear, pleasant memories. Now it has stopped.

Smoke-Warm Grasses

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

I had forgotten wind's way with June grass,
Smoke-purple, smoke-warm,
Rolling along the edge of foothills
Like clouds in storm.
But loneliness seeks lonely places
Low-hung with blue,
And here I lie in the smoke-warm grasses
While peace flows through.

Vista

Linnie F. Robinson

I took my youthful wounds along a path,
Searching for refuge from the hurts of day,
When suddenly I came upon a birch
Whose golden hanging lace enwrapped my way;
My eyes were lifted to the wondrous sight —
My hand caressed its silken bole,
And somehow healing came to me; perhaps
It was that beauty fed and made me whole.

And now that I am grown, when sword thrust comes
The vision of that tree pervades my mind,
Seeing, I cannot despair of such a world;
Nor can I lose the treasure of that find,
For I who fled in youth from rude intent
Look now beyond the thorns and am content.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the *Handbook of Instructions of the Relief Society*.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Julia N. Barg

PIONEER STAKE (UTAH), RIVERVIEW WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENCY RELEASED

Left to right: Elsie M. Warner, First Counselor; Enid T. Stroud, President; Geraldine R. Morris, Second Counselor; Mary Bywater, Secretary.

Julia N. Barg, President, Pioneer Stake Relief Society, reports: "On February 7, 1947, the Riverview Ward of the Pioneer Stake was created by a division of the Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth wards, and on January 24, 1960, was dissolved on account of the Freeway going through the eastern part of the ward, making what was left too small to function as a ward. The sisters in the above picture were in office at the time the ward was dissolved."

Photograph submitted by Virginia C. Newbold

GRANT STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, February 5, 1960

Seated in the front row, tenth from the left: Bodell Jensen, eldest member of Grant Stake Relief Society.

Back row, beginning seventeenth from the left: Rhea H. Simmons, Secretary-Treasurer; Vera Kocherhans, First Counselor; Virginia C. Newbold, President; Edith Jackman, Second Counselor.

Sister Newbold reports: "Approximately 220 attended the convention and saw the film 'Unto the Least of These.' One hundred fifty-three visiting teachers were honored for periods of service ranging from ten to fifty-four years. All were presented with blue ribbons engraved in gold, showing the number of years of service as visiting teachers. The sisters who had served for twenty-five years or more were presented with Relief Society pins."

Photograph submitted by Marguerite Wright

MIDVALE STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, February 21, 1960

Front row, beginning third from the left: Ada Lennberg, director (in dark dress); Marguerite Wright, President, Midvale Stake Relief Society.

Standing back of the pulpit at the right: Donna Davies, Secretary, Midvale Stake Relief Society.

Third row, thirteenth from the right: Helen Burgon, First Counselor, Midvale Stake Relief Society.

Back row at left, Gloria Buck, organist.

Sister Wright reports: "There are seventy Singing Mothers in this chorus, representing all seven wards of Midvale Stake. They furnished music for both sessions of Midvale Stake Quarterly Conference, February 21, 1960, and for the Midvale Stake Visiting Teachers Convention, March 11, 1960. LuJean Carver, Second Counselor, was not present when the picture was taken."

Photograph submitted by Della H. Teeter

DENVER WEST STAKE (COLORADO) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE AND RELIEF SOCIETY VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, March 29, 1960

Front row, beginning second from the right: Venna Yeates, chorister; Gladys Hansen, organist; Millie E. Richardson, First Counselor; Della H. Teeter, President; Yvonne Nelson, Second Counselor.

Sister Teeter reports: "This group has a membership of fifty sisters and they are the mothers of eighty children. This is their first presentation as a chorus of the newly created Denver West Stake. At the Stake Visiting Teachers Convention the film 'Unto the Least of These' was presented, with the Stake President Thomas L. Kimball giving the main address. The stake visiting teacher message leader, Laura Cutler, introduced the visiting teacher messages for the summer months, with the chorus singing 'Come Ye Blessed of the Lord.' A solo was sung by Virginia Lee, stake literature class leader."

Photograph submitted by Mona Watson

DALLAS STAKE (TEXAS) FASHION SHOW HELD IN CONNECTION WITH LEADERSHIP MEETING, March 1960

Left to right: Dorothy Titus, stake work meeting leader; Arla Beck; Opal Burch, stake *Magazine* representative; Dovie Goalsey; Edleweis Arrington; Rita Jane Holland; Joan Elaine Gunn; Debbie Wallace; Marsha Knight; Evelyn Wallace; Phyllis Ann Gilchrest; Janice Purcell; Flossie Rousseau; Jeanene Johnson; Althera C. Mulkey, Second Counselor; Emily Louise Gurley, First Counselor; Myrl B. Whiting, President.

Sister Whiting reports: "'Home sewing — Creative, Attractive, and Economical' was the theme for the fashion show presented by the Dallas Stake Relief Society at the March leadership meeting. The fashion show was under the direction of Althera C. Mulkey, Stake Work Director Counselor, and Dorothy Titus, stake work meeting leader, and the clothing was made by Relief Society sisters for themselves or their children. Twenty-six models represented nine wards. Not all of the models are shown in the picture. Also displayed were articles made in the work meeting department during the year. We are attempting to put more emphasis on sewing and learning to sew at our work meetings. This is our second annual fashion show.

"At noon the Relief Society presidency and board members served a lovely luncheon celebrating the 118th Relief Society birthday. A beautiful birthday cake in our blue and gold colors was decorated by Arla Beck, Fort Worth Ward Relief Society Secretary-Treasurer. The cake was used as the centerpiece."

Sister Whiting has recently been released, and Sister Mona Watson is the new president of Dallas Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Helen H. Hawkins

SPANISH FORK STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR NUMEROUS OCCASIONS

Seated in the front row: Emma Jex, conductor, at the right; Blanche Nielson, accompanist, second from the right; Helen H. Hawkins, President, Spanish Fork Stake Relief Society, third from the right.

Sister Hawkins reports: "Our Singing Mothers group has sung for many occasions. They presented music for our Visiting Teachers Convention and closing social in May, and also our Relief Society Convention the same month. We presented six numbers for our Stake Quarterly Conference in August. One of the numbers was "Still, Still, With Thee," composed by our beloved sister, Florence Jepperson Madsen. We were especially pleased and honored to have Sister Madsen present at that conference to hear us sing. Each ward Singing Mothers group sings at their November and March Relief Society services. They also sing at least once each year at our monthly leadership meetings, and are always very willing to respond when asked to sing at funerals. We are grateful for our Singing Mothers groups throughout the stake. They give unselfishly of their time and talents and lift us spiritually with their voices in song."

Photograph submitted by Elnora R. Loveland

WEST BOISE STAKE (IDAHO) RELIEF SOCIETY PRESENTS DRAMATIZATION "LEGACY" March 17, 1960

Left to right: Barbara Tenny; Laurel Hegstrom; Thomas Daniels; Barbara Clarke; Delpha Mathewson; Mildred Perkins; Beverly Merrill; Irene Neilson; Elaine Daniels; Alene Hendren.

Elnora T. Loveland, President, West Boise Stake Relief Society, reports: "This dramatization was directed by Elna Johnson, stake literature class leader (inset). The Singing Mothers furnished the music for the occasion, fifty-seven participating, under the direction of LaRue Campbell, with Barbara Ossmen at the organ. Wendell Stout painted the backdrop."

Photograph submitted by Ruth R. Reeder

FRENCH POLYNESIAN MISSION, PAEA, PAPENOO, PAPEETE, AND FRENCH BRANCHES OBSERVE THE ANNIVERSARY OF RELIEF SOCIETY AT PAPEETE, TAHITI, March 17, 1960

Ruth R. Reeder, President, French Polynesian Mission Relief Society, is seated in the center on the second row; Edna Poroi, President, French Branch Relief Society, who conducted the anniversary observance, is seated in chair at the right.

Sister Reeder reports: "Our anniversary party celebrating the organization of Relief Society was very successful. The party was held in the afternoon in the recreation hall. A lovely program was given under the direction of the French Branch, and refreshments were served to eighty Relief Society women. These women are lovely, and we had a nice time together. Each woman made a garland of flowers to wear on her head, and some made extra ones for me, my daughter, and the lady missionaries. We felt the spirit of oneness, and I was so grateful for this experience. I gave the branches a Relief Society Building Souvenir Plate. The women will weave a holder and will hang the plate in their Relief Society room. They seemed very pleased, and I am sure it will be an inspiration to them for many years."

Photograph submitted by LaVerda O. Lloyd

MOUNT JORDAN STAKE (UTAH), DRAPER SECOND WARD FORMER RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS HONORED AT LUNCHEON AND PROGRAM, March 15, 1960

Front row, seated, left to right, former Relief Society presidents: Nettie Boulter; Mina Mickelsen; Merna Smith.

Back row, standing, left to right: Phyllis Smith, present President; Rogena Roden; Erma Vawdrey; Geneva Hansen; Phyllis Howlett.

LaVerda O. Lloyd, President, Mount Jordan Stake Relief Society, reports: "Relief Society members honored the eight former presidents of Draper Second Ward Relief Society at a luncheon and program on March 15, 1960, commemorating the anniversary of Relief Society. All former Relief Society presidents, except Grace Payne, who has moved out of the State, were present for this occasion. Each of the seven former presidents was introduced in verse, and each responded with outstanding events, humorous and otherwise, remembered from her service as president. Draper Second Ward was organized August 11, 1935.

"The luncheon tables were decorated with African violets and a large birthday cake. Special guests were the Stake Relief Society President LaVerda O. Lloyd and eight of her board members. After the luncheon and program, the regular literature lesson was given by class leader Marjorie Landeen."

Photograph submitted by Bertrude S. Mitchell

PAROWAN STAKE (UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY PRESENTS LITERATURE DRAMATIZATION "LEGACY," March 17, 1960

Left to right: Anna Dalley; Evelyn Davenport; Elaine Adams; Cleora Bayles; Nina Robb; Constance Halterman; Maryetta Orton; Gaytha Benson; Florence Sherrett; Oscar J. Hulet, narrator; Howard D. Knight, President, Parowan Stake.

Bertrude S. Mitchell, President, Parowan Stake Relief Society, reports: "This program was presented on the Relief Society anniversary for all adult members of our stake. All six wards are represented in the picture, and all willingly helped with the making of the colonial costumes. It was a very beautiful and colorful presentation, and many said that it was one of the nicest affairs we have had in our community in a long time. Our Singing Mothers did an excellent job with the background music.

"Taking part in a theology dramatization 'Instructions and Promises,' presented on the same day, were Jane Bentley, theology class leader; Elder Hulet, President Knight, and other members of the Priesthood."

Give Me the Mesa

Maude Rubin

Often the way divided . . . One way climbed
Toward the clouded mountains, mystery of distance.
My ears were tuned to hear a music timed
To the beat of eagle wings, whose loud insistence
Would drown this pulsing note of a meadow lark,
Bright bubble of sound that floated toward the sky
Across my heart's horizon! Gone those stark
White peaks, too cold for breath. Where eagles fly
Is not my earthborn climate. I need wind,
This sea of grass, wild crocuses in May;
I need this prairie earth, where winter-thinned,
New tides of life flow green, let summer stay
Serene and reticent on mesa loam
Where meadow larks and I have found our home.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Preview of Lessons for 1960-61

Elder Roy W. Doxey

THE eight lessons for study during this year, the fourth series on The Doctrine and Covenants, come from five sections of this wonderful book of scripture. All of these revelations were received by the Prophet Joseph Smith during the months of February and March of 1831. This was an eventful period for the Prophet, for the Lord had commanded that he go to Ohio where further instruction would be received for the continued growth of the Church.

The background for the movement of the headquarters of the Church into Ohio was studied last year. With the rapid growth of the kingdom of God in that area, as a direct result of the missionary labors among the settlers by those who were assigned to the Lamanite mission, the time had come for the Lord to reveal many of his purposes for the welfare of the saints and more detailed information concerning important future events.

Although the Prophet resided in Kirtland, Ohio, where a thriving branch of the Church was raised up, and the revelations making up this year's lessons were received, he also continued farther west into Missouri during the year. Returning to Ohio, the Prophet received many revelations now contained in The Doctrine and Covenants.

One of the most important revelations given in this dispensation is to be studied this year. The material in Section 42 contributes to five lessons in this series. This revelation, known as the law of the Lord to the Church, has many direct applications to daily life. These teachings are eternal. Some of the moral commandments given in the beginning and reiterated by Moses on Mount Sinai are emphasized in this revelation. They form the basis of orderly government in society and the foundation for entrance into the celestial kingdom. In addition, the solution to a number of problems confronting the Church at the time and for the edification of those in the ministry were made known.

The background for understanding the first lesson is the fact that at this early period elders called to preach the gospel had to be instructed in the way they should teach. The instructions of the Lord relative to an authorized ministry and

the need for divine guidance were not known clearly by many. It was necessary, therefore, that these members of the Priesthood should understand the spirit in which they should function as missionaries and of their true calling before the world. In the next two lessons the members of the Church are given a better understanding of their responsibilities in being a light to the world. There follows a lesson on the principles of a socio-economic order which is yet to be lived by Latter-day Saints as a part of the celestial law. The final lesson from the law of the Lord to the Church provides an opportunity to learn many principles pertaining to the important practice of administration to the sick. A lesson last year gave general consideration to some events of the future. Two of these subjects are discussed in detail this year. The final lesson for the year comes from an important revelation setting forth special blessings for the faithful members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In general, this year's course covers many important lessons to be applied to life situations.

The 1960-61 series of lessons have been given the following titles and objectives:

Lesson 25—*A Promise Fulfilled* (D & C, Sections 41; 42:1-17)

Objective: To understand that the law of the Lord is to be taught with faith and by the Spirit.

Lesson 26—*The Law of Moral Conduct* (D & C, Section 42:18-20, 79, 84-85)

Objective: To realize that the commandments "Thou shalt not kill" and "Thou shalt not steal" forbid acts which are an offense against God and society.

Lesson 27—*The Law of Moral Conduct* (Continued) (D & C, Section 42:21-26, 80-83, 86)

Objective: To learn the consequences of lying and unchaste practices.

Lesson 28—*The Law of Consecration* (D & C, Section 42:30-42, 53-55, 70-73)

Objective: "And inasmuch as ye impart of your substance unto the poor, ye will do it unto me . . ." (D & C 42:31).

Lesson 29—*The Law of Administration to the Sick* (D & C, Section 42:43-52)

Objective: To learn some principles of the law of administration to the sick.

Lesson 30—*The Past, Present, and Future* (D & C, Section 45:1-42)

Objective: To learn some reasons why obedience to the Lord's will is necessary, and of the need of being aware of the signs in preparation for the Lord's second coming.

Lesson 31—*The Second Coming of Christ* (D & C, Sections 43:8-35; 45:43-75)

Objective: To learn of events associated with the second coming of Christ.

Lesson 32—*The Gifts of the Holy Ghost* (D & C, Section 46)

Objective: To understand what the gifts of the Holy Ghost are and why they are given.

Visiting Teacher Messages—

Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Preview of Lessons for 1960-61

Christine H. Robinson

THE "Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants" which constitute the visiting teacher messages for 1960-61, form a pattern of principles and guides which, if followed, will lead us to happier, more purposeful living. These messages emphasize the importance of keeping all of the Lord's commandments and not just those which appeal to us. We are reminded that if we would enjoy fully the blessings of the Lord, we must have thankful and grateful hearts. We are further instructed to develop our God-given gifts and talents for the good of all. The messages admonish us to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth. They advise us to guard against speaking evil of another and to avoid the futility of idleness.

These truths from modern day scripture are interrelated and interdependent. For example, when we serve the Lord we are, in reality, serving ourselves and others, and through unselfish service we develop our God-given gifts and talents and also can avoid the evil and futility of idleness. Furthermore, when we keep all of the Lord's commandments, we build our knowledge of the truth, and we establish safeguards which assure us that the Lord and his influence will be in our midst to comfort and guide us.

When we are occupied constructively in keeping the Lord's commandments, we should have no time nor desire to speak or think evil of others. Rather, we recognize the glorious truth that when we serve others and do good even ". . . unto the least of these . . ." (D & C 42:38) as the Savior has told us, we are actually doing good unto him. Four of these "Truths to Live By" come from one section in The Doctrine and Covenants. This Section, Forty-Two, deals specifically with the laws of the Church. These laws, we must remember, do not restrict or inhibit us, but rather they are the principles and rules without which we cannot find true happiness or peace of mind.

These 1960-61 messages form a coordinated structure of truths which have been emphasized over and over again by the Lord's prophets since ancient times. They are so important to our happiness that the Lord has again given them to us in these latter days with the admonition that if we will observe them, they will serve as a sure foundation to joyful, abundant living.

The messages and their objectives for the year 1960-61 are as follows:

Message 25—"If Thou Lovest Me Thou Shalt Serve Me and Keep All My Commandments" (D & C 42:29).

> Objective: To emphasize the fact that we serve the Lord, others, and ourselves best only when we keep *all* the commandments.

Message 26—"And Ye Must Give Thanks Unto God in the Spirit for Whatsoever Blessing Ye Are Blessed With" (D & C 46:32).

Objective: To enjoy fully the blessings of the Lord, we must have thankful and grateful hearts.

Message 27—". . . Every Man Is Given a Gift by the Spirit of God . . . That All May Be Profited Thereby" (D & C 46:11-12).

Objective: We have a divine responsibility to develop our gifts and talents and to use them in the service of others.

Message 28—"Thou Shalt Not Be Idle . . ." (D & C 42:42).

Objective: To avoid being idle, we must be actively engaged in a good cause.

Message 29—"Wherefore, I Am in Your Midst, and I Am the Good Shepherd . . ." (D & C 50:44).

Objective: To persuade us that Jesus is with us and, if we live righteously and will seek him, he will guide, sustain, and comfort us.

Message 30—". . . Ye Must Grow in Grace and in the Knowledge of the Truth" (D & C 50:40).

Objective: The gospel is a plan of salvation through progress. Only by growth in grace and truth can we move toward eternal life.

Message 31—"Thou Shalt Not Speak Evil of Thy Neighbor, Nor Do Him Any Harm" (D & C 42:27).

Objective: We must guard constantly against idle or evil words which might harm or undermine another's character.

Message 32—"For Inasmuch As Ye Do It Unto the Least of These, Ye Do It Unto Me" (D & C 42:38).

Objective: If we would do the work of the Lord, we must be actively engaged in helping others.

Work Meeting—Caring for the Sick in the Home

Preview of Lessons for 1960-61

Maria Johnson

UNFORTUNATELY, in every home, sooner or later, there is someone who needs care following an injury or during sickness. The wise mother will accept this fact and prepare herself to meet the situation intelligently and calmly. We hope to bring to you in the lessons this year a few basic understandings that will give you a greater sense of security in meeting illness when it comes.

As we care for the sick, our goal is to help the individual regain and maintain the highest level of health that is possible for him. Health is much more than not being sick. There are degrees of health just as there are degrees of illness. We say a person is mildly ill or seriously ill. We might say he has a low level of health or a high or optimum level.

Since the beginning of the century as our knowledge has increased our concept of health has widened. We passed from the era of curative

medicine, concerned mainly with the cure of physical diseases, to the era of preventive medicine, when sanitation and immunization made possible the prevention of many diseases, such as smallpox, diphtheria, typhoid fever, whooping cough, to name a few. Curative and preventive measures are still important, but medical and scientific research have taught us they are not enough. The new concept of health is well expressed in this definition formulated by the World Health Organization — "Health is a state of complete physical, mental, and social well-being and not merely the absence of disease or infirmity." Our health authorities, today, point out to us that emotional attitudes, our pet beliefs, our prejudices, our superstitions, and fears stand in the way of health as surely as do bacteria, improper food, or poisons that are not eliminated.

In each lesson as we demonstrate and discuss various skills used at the bedside, we hope better to understand both the emotional and physical needs of the sick patient.

These lessons do not take the place of courses such as the Red Cross Home Nursing or those for the training of practical nurses. Your instructor will tell you where to get information about accredited nursing courses.

The lessons and objectives will be as follows:

Lesson 1—*Safeguarding the Health of Your Family*

Objective: To help each one to become more alert to the need for applying simple, well-established principles for the prevention of disease and for safeguarding the health of the family.

Lesson 2—*Manifestations of Illness*

Objective: To learn to recognize, observe, and report symptoms of illness. To learn to read a thermometer and take a temperature and pulse.

Lesson 3—*Moving and Lifting the Patient*

Objective. To learn good body mechanics (to use the body properly) when moving and lifting a patient in order to hasten the patient's recovery, to prevent accidents, and to protect the worker from unnecessary strain and fatigue.

Lesson 4—*Making the Patient Comfortable*

Objective—To become aware of the importance of good posture for the patient in bed and the need for frequent change of position. To learn how to arrange pillows, make the patient's bed, and use improvised equipment and other devices that will help to hasten the patient's recovery.

Lesson 5—*Routine Comfort Measures — The Patient's Bath and Care of the Mouth and Hair*

Objective: To learn the importance of these measures in meeting the needs of the patient, and to learn the key points in giving this care.

Lesson 6—*Elimination of Body Wastes*

Objective: To help us recognize the great importance of the elimination of body wastes. To demonstrate skills used in helping the sick person meet these needs.

Lesson 7—*Feeding the Patient—Oral Medications—Hot and Cold Treatments*

Objective: To give a few hints that will help in efforts to stimulate the

sick patient to take the nourishment he needs; to present basic rules for the safe administration of oral medications; to discuss safety measures needed in giving hot and cold treatments.

Lesson 8—*The Chronically Ill and Aged*

Objective: To point up the special needs of these patients and to consider how we can help meet them.

Literature—America's Literature Comes of Age

(Textbook: *America's Literature* by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes, Dryden Press, New York)

Preview of Lessons for 1960-61

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

EVEN before the battle smoke had cleared, the new America had been forced to establish many new patterns and traditions by which her people could live; had she hesitated she would have perished, despite military victory. Regardless of individual whim or regional differences, each day products had to be bought and sold; property rights had to be defined, that laws might be enforced, criminals punished, justice done; taxes had to be levied, collected, and spent; personal rights of speech, assembly, and worship demanded immediate assertion.

Other patterns were proposed and accepted only to be changed as the need arose. The Articles of Confederation kept mutual jealousies among the colonies ablaze by guaranteeing to each most of the autonomy it enjoyed before the war, a distressing situation remedied by the Constitution of 1787-89.

Because no such emergencies existed in the social, cultural, and literary lives of the newly hatched American citizens, the pre-war *status quo* remained unchallenged and dominant until the 1820's and 1830's. The values of "mother England" were the only values; no conflict was possible since there were, with minor exceptions, no native American writers or playwrights.

Roughly, until the War of 1812, everyone was happy with things as they were. But when the new Nation won the second war against the great world power that was Britain, a growing crescendo of nationalism made increasing demands that distinctively American values be immortalized in the words of her own inspired sons. Proclaiming their independence of both European ideas and literary forms, ideally they were to create literature as majestic as America's mountains, as peaceful as her prairies, as vast and comprehensive as were her new peoples and territories.

Not until Whitman — in the decades preceding and following the Civil War — did American literature attain its fullest stature by embodying such a dream, when the belief in her "Manifest Destiny" left as deep an imprint on her native writings as upon her laws. The first generation of American literary men — Irving, Bryant, Cooper — wrote

what pleased their fancy or expressed their mood or dream, though later in his critical writings Bryant began striking hard for a native American literature.

It was in the militant writings of the giants of American Literature — Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Melville, and Whitman — that the clarion call for complete literary independence from Europe was first sounded with sustained vigor and sincerity. In these writers (the last three to be studied after this year) the American conscience found for the first time enduring identity; in them the American imagination ripened and bloomed as it gave first expression to fears, hopes, conflicts central to her culture from the days of John Smith and Jonathan Edwards up through Franklin and Jefferson. And great themes unique to the new country were central therein: who is the new American man? who in relation to the European past; to myriad millions of acres still virgin and unexplored; to trade and government and nature and woman; to reform and slavery and pride, to aristocracy and democracy; to the shining vision of the future? How were free men to know what freedom was, or should be, unless told by their own voices? Who was man to be if he fully realized his destined identity?

These great themes were common to the Nation and to its great literature. But whereas the themes had been deepening and expanding for centuries, it was in the decades preceding the Civil War that voices emerged of sufficient depth and vision and courage to give them form and body. Once form and content merged, the classic age of American literature was produced, otherwise known as the American Renaissance. Thus our concern this year is American literary greatness, both forerunners and proclaimers.

Lesson titles and objectives follow:

Lesson 17—*Expanding Horizons* (Text, pp. 161-192)

> Objective: To outline how new and complex relationships within the new Nation expressed themselves through its literature.

Lesson 18—*Washington Irving, Polished Paradox* (Text, pp. 193-220)

> Objective: To relate the writings to the man, and both to the dynamic beginning period of the Nation out of which they grew.

Lesson 19—*James Fenimore Cooper, Critic* (1789-1851) (Text, pp. 221-223)

> Objective: To increase Cooper's significance for us by exploring the interrelationships tying together his aristocracy, his artistry, and his Americanism.

Lesson 20—*Natty Bumppo, American Fiction-Hero* (Text, pp. 221-223)

> Objective: To acknowledge Cooper's Natty Bumppo as creating and symbolizing the wild beauty of primitive America.

Lesson 21—*William Cullen Bryant* (1794-1878) (Text, pp. 236-249)

> Objective: To become more appreciative of Bryant both as an influential creator and as a revered representative of nineteenth-century America.

Lesson 22—*Ralph Waldo Emerson, American Idealist* (Text, pp. 250-303)

Objective: To recognize Emerson as the nucleus of American literature during its classic period preceding the Civil War.

Lesson 23—*Emerson, the Spokesman for His Age* (Text, pp. 250-303)

Objective: To relate Emerson's philosophy to the basic idea his art expresses.

Lesson 24—*Nathaniel Hawthorne, Haunted Autobiographer* (Text, 304-349)

Objective: To reconsider the dual nature of mortality, as exemplified in Hawthorne's short stories.

Social Science—Spiritual Living in the Nuclear Age

Preview of Lessons for 1960-61

Elder Blaine M. Porter

THE world continues to increase in complexity, the traditions and beliefs of the past continue to be questioned with increasing intensity, and the task of finding meaning and purpose in life is as great a challenge as ever. In this scientific age the goal of living harmoniously and peacefully with our fellow men in one world has become not only desirable but necessary, if our civilization is to survive.

Last year we discussed the spiritual road which we should all walk in order to travel in the direction of the abundant life as taught and lived by our Savior, Jesus Christ. We studied the nature of emotional and religious maturity and emphasized the necessity of these characteristics in order to be capable of truly living the teachings of Christianity.

This year we wish to focus upon additional elements which are equally important in the religious life of man. In order to understand ourselves more fully and to enrich our lives, we will focus upon widening our religious horizons. Within this framework we will discuss concepts of God, pointing out that even though we worship the same God, we have significant differences in our concepts regarding the nature of God. The manner in which these concepts affect our lives and our relationship with God will receive major consideration.

Next, we will analyze our concepts of man, once again recognizing the several approaches which we have regarding the nature of man. Since establishing harmonious and creative relationships with our fellow men is one of the cornerstones in the foundation of building a world at peace, seeking ways of improving these relationships is extremely important. Therefore, man's relatedness to the world will be studied, and ways in which we can widen our religious horizons will be suggested and discussed.

To achieve peace and brotherhood on any secure, permanent human basis will require all the ingenuity, understanding, and charity which we can muster. It will require that we not only implement the principles of Christian living, but that we also effectively teach them to our children in order that they will be prepared to assume the leadership of furthering this cause. If religion is to be allocated its rightful dignity and be allowed to make its potential contribution in our lives, we must dedicate our whole self to that which is highest and best in life.

In order more fully to understand the manner in which religious qualities develop, we will explore the stages of religious development. For purposes of analysis, these will be studied under the headings of The Religion of Childhood, Religious Development in Adolescence, and The Religion of Mature Adulthood. Considering the various stages of religious development may be a new experience for many of us. We hope that it will contribute to our understanding and effectiveness as parents and teachers in more appropriately timing the presentation of religious concepts to our children.

Since values play such a major role in our lives, as well as in our religious philosophy, we will study the growth and meaning of values. Our main objective will be to help us carefully examine the values we have, recognize our value conflicts, and evaluate how adequately we have internalized the values which we feel are most important.

How we develop and grow these values for ourselves and for our children is particularly significant, and therefore, our attention will be directed toward growing religious values in the home and family. We will recognize that in order for an individual to develop permanent values with high quality, he must first have developed a value for himself and for the dignity of man. The family, of course, assumes a very significant role in the growing of values in persons of all ages.

Despite all the sorrow and pessimism in the world, there seems to be an unquenchable tendency toward growth, goodness, understanding, truth, and freedom. This truth will not be found in mysteries, or in someone else taking responsibility for us, but rather through our efforts of self-realization and preparing ourselves to live a religion of maturity, love, and understanding of God and his children. We must realize that religion is what we do, not what we profess.

This second year's series, then, will focus on additional human characteristics which will help us to expand our religious horizons and increase our spirituality in an age of great challenge. May the following lessons prove to be stimulating and enriching.

Lesson 8—*Expanding Our Religious Horizons—Part I—Concepts of God*

Objective: To discover how our concepts of God influence our potentialities for spiritual living.

Lesson 9—*Expanding Our Religious Horizons—Part II—Concepts of Man*

Objective: To discover how our concepts of man influence our potentialities for spiritual living.

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Lesson 10—*Expanding Our Religious Horizons — Part III — Man's Relatedness to the World*

Objective: To discover how our philosophy of man's relatedness to the world influences our potentialities for spiritual living.

Lesson 11—*Stages of Religious Development*

Objective: To understand more fully the manner in which religious qualities develop.

Lesson 12—*Values—Their Growth and Meaning*

Objective: To increase our understanding of what values are, how they develop, and the meaning which they have in our lives.

Lesson 13—*Growing Religious Values in the Home*

Objective: To explore the processes by which religious values may be grown and developed within the framework of the home and family.

Lesson 14—*Abundant Living for Our Day*

Objective: To review the topics of this two-year series of lessons and emphasize the role they can and should play in helping us live abundantly today.

Notes on the Authors of the Lessons

THIS year one new writer is represented among the authors of the lessons and introduced to readers of the *Magazine*. A biographical sketch of Maria Johnson follows:

MARIA Johnson, author of the Work Meeting Lessons, "Caring for the Sick in the Home," was born in Springville, Utah, a daughter of Mont and Amelia Thorn Johnson, both of whom were born within five years after their parents made the pioneer trek to Utah. She is a granddaughter of Bishop Aaron Johnson, leader of the company of pioneers who settled Springville.

Sister Johnson received her early education in Springville, and, after graduating from high school, studied at the Brigham Young University and the University of Utah to qualify for teaching. After a successful career of eight years, she obeyed a long-cherished desire to enter the field of nursing. Here she has found challenging and satisfying opportunities for service. She was graduated from Dr. Groves Latter-day Saints Hospital in Salt Lake City. For a few years she served as a school nurse, then enrolled at Teachers' College, Columbia University, where she received a Bachelor of Science Degree in public health nursing. She spent the next four years as a field representative and one year as assistant to the Director of Nursing Service in the Pacific Branch area of the American Red Cross.

Her subsequent experiences have been broad and varied, including public health nursing, visiting nursing, teaching, and administration. She soon found a correlation between her training in two careers, teaching and nursing. She took postgraduate courses in nursing education at the University of Utah, the University of California, and Colorado A and M. She returned to Dr. Groves Latter-day Saint Hospital as Superintendent of Nurses and Director of the School of Nursing where she served sixteen years.

Among her many activities she has held the office of board member and president of State nursing organizations, Chairman of the Advisory Committee for the Nursing Program of the University of Utah, and has also served as a national committee member. She has been a member of the State Board of Nurse Examiners during three administrations and is at present a member.

Feeling the great need for more and better qualified practical nurses, she accepted the call to organize and direct the Department of Practical Nursing at the Central Utah Vocational School. Following that experience, she was, until recently,

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For biographical sketches of the authors of the other lessons, see:

Elder Roy W. Doxey, author of the theology lessons, *The Relief Society Magazine*, June 1957, page 410.

Christine H. Robinson, author of the visiting teacher messages, June 1957, page 412.

Elder Briant S. Jacobs, author of the literature lessons, July 1949, page 471.

Elder Blaine M. Porter, author of the social science lessons, June 1959, page 411.

Small Gypsy

Ethel Jacobson

Oh, but she's a gypsy
In her swirling scarlet dress,
Dancing straight from Romany lore
Through the door and across the floor,
With a homemade cardboard tambourine
And five petticoats, no less!
With a small snub nose and wide blue eyes
And curls as yellow as butterflies,
With her mother's best gold earrings,
And a familiar chubbiness —
But, oh, a real live gypsy,
A whirling, twirling gypsy,
A strange, mysterious gypsy
In her swirling scarlet dress!

Mountain Cabin

Marian Woodbury Gold

Wend over the desert
Where the sagebrush smells clean;
Cross over the river
Where the willows grow green;
Wend over the mountains
With boulder-strewn streams,
Then home to the cabin —
We find all our dreams.

Anticipation

Zara Sabin

All day my heart had been singing
A lovely lilting tune,
And my thoughts went gaily winging
Rhyming moon and June.

It sang as I washed the dishes
And polished the silverware,
And I thought of some special wishes
As I dusted your favorite chair.

The house and I are ready,
The hour is growing late,
And I await with hands unsteady
The click of the garden gate.

Her Load Is Shared

Ida Elaine James

I cannot bear her grief for her,
Bring back his vanished kiss,
Relieve one tear to slowly blur
The ache. But I'm sure of this:
Her load is shared. My knowing heart
Shall never once be free.
Though pitiable and small, this part
Is not denied to me.

Candle of Life

Catherine B. Bowles

The candle of life burns brightly
When for others it lights the way
To nobler deeds and actions
So they do not go astray.

To corners where sorrow lingers
It lightens the burden there;
It heals the broken-hearted
And soothes their every care.

Shine, shine, candle of life,
Bring joy and peace and right
And let your blessed radiance
Shine through the darkest night.

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Coming upon these white rows, blossoming
Like satin chalices held up
By some slim, impervious hand,
Offering the sky a perfumed cup,

I catch my breath in sudden joy,
Thinking how drab this acre was
Before this blooming touched each bough
With petals soft as tinted gauze,

Becoming by some miracle
This breath-taking, bright bouquet,
Of waxen flower and fragrant scent,
On this bee-buzzing, crystal-clear day.

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